TOBER 11 — 17, 1980

RS. 1.50

EVE'S WEEKLY

HILDREN
RE NO
MPEDIMENT:
OME
CHIEVERS
ALK

KELETONS
THE
UPBOARD:
EXUAL
BUSE OF
HILDREN

SINGER* needles. For the kind of sewing that makes you admired

Professional sewing that only a professional, guaranteed needle like Singer can give you!

Neat, elegant stitches.
Singer needles slimly taper off into a sharp microfinished point to pierce the fabric smoothly, evenly...and give you a neat look that's unmistakably professional.

Smooth Finish.
The eye of every Singer needle is specially rounded and polished. The smooth surface lets the thread slip smoothly along and prevents breakage and fraying.

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Superior metal, workmanship, plating and finish are what make Singer's a rust-free durable needle. Lasts for over 50 million stitches. Guaranteed against manufacturing defects.

Singer needles are made and tested to international Singer standards.
So specify Singer needles for professional sewing you'll be proud of.

To make sure yours is a genuine Singer needle look for the Singer name on each needle.

Available at Singer Shops, Singer dealers and General Stores.

SINGER* needles. Internationally tested, guaranteed and...preferred.

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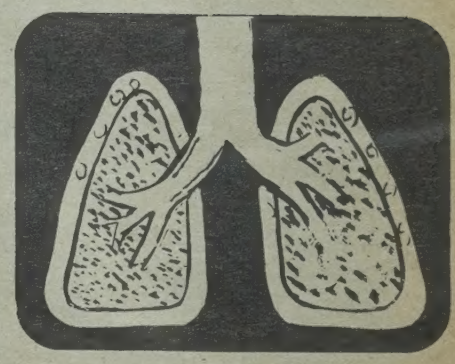
SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY, 207, D.N. Road, Bombay-400 001.
Manufacturers **SINGER-TVS LIMITED** Madurai

Cigarette smoking can cause



Lung Cancer, Heart Diseases,
Peptic Ulcers, Oral Cancer
and

sorrow

Now you can give your loved one the Gift of Life.

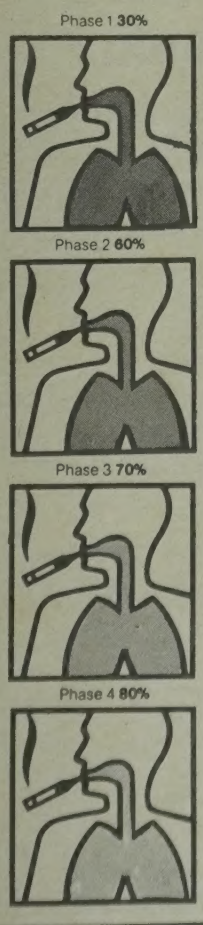
Independent studies prove that smoking causes multiple health hazards. These include various types of cancers, respiratory diseases, coronary heart diseases and other circulatory diseases The incidence of all these is higher among Cigarette Smokers than among Non-Smokers.

People who smoke are more likely to die prematurely, in their forties and fifties, than those who do not smoke.

Protect your husband's health — and his life. Introduce him to Cig-Cure — the wonderful new method to stop smoking.

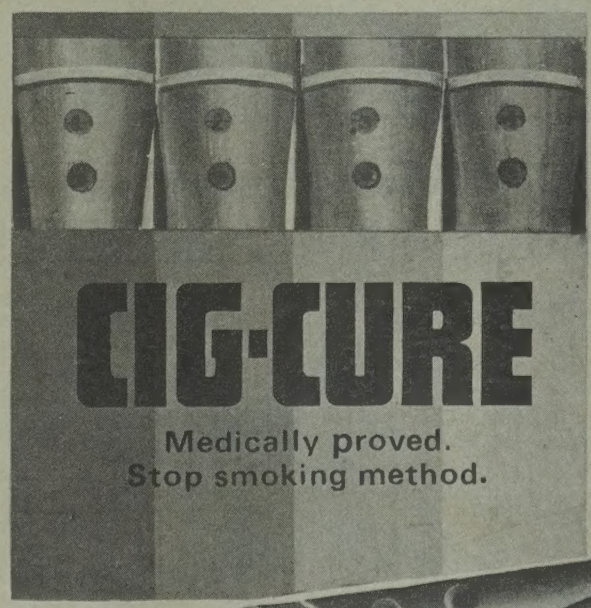
How Cig-Cure Works

People usually start smoking gradually. Cig-Cure helps you give up smoking the same way–gradually. You get 4 different condensation filters in each pack of Cig-Cure. Each filter is used for 2 weeks before going on to the next. Smoke inhaled is first diluted with air entering through a filter vent. This vent increases in size from the first to the fourth filter. The mixture then passes into a condensation filter chamber where the tar, nicotine and carbon monoxide in the vapour are deposited to produce less dangerous smoke.



What The Filters Do

The first filter reduces tar, nicotine and carbon monoxide. by 30%, the second by 60%, the third by 70%, and the fourth and final by 80%. By the time you have finished the last filter, your body no longer craves cigarettes as it did before you started Cig-Cure So, the final step of giving it up completely becomes extremely easy.



Patent Pending

The main objective of Cig-Cure is to reduce your body's dependence on cigarettes to such an extent that you can give up smoking easily and without any unpleasant side-effects. If that's your aim and if that's what you're interested in, Cig-Cure is all the help you need.

Remember — It costs less than a week's quota of cigarettes.

Read what these absolutely satisfied users have to say about Cig-Cure.

Mrs. G.S.K (Bombay): It took my husband just 8 short weeks to stop smoking completely. Cig-Cure is simply marvellous!

Ft. Lt. M.K.K. (Bangalore): I've stopped smoking. Now I feel like a new man. And its all because of Cig-Cure!

Mr. R.M.P (Bikaner): My doctor ordered me to give up cigarettes. I found it impossible to do so until I tried Cig-Cure. Now, I'm completely cured of the habit.

Dr. T.K.A (New Delhi): I used Cig-Cure for just 2 months and stopped smoking completely. I'm so satisfied with Cig-Cure that I'm recommending it to all my patients who smoke.

If you've got the guts to give up

E W

I want to be healthy.
Please rush one set of CIG-CURE.
I enclose Rs. 59/- (54/- +5/- handling charges) by Money Order/Demand draft/Postal Order/Cheque*/V.P.P.**

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Pincode: _____

** I promise to pay the postman Rs. 59/-on delivery.
* 15 days for clearance

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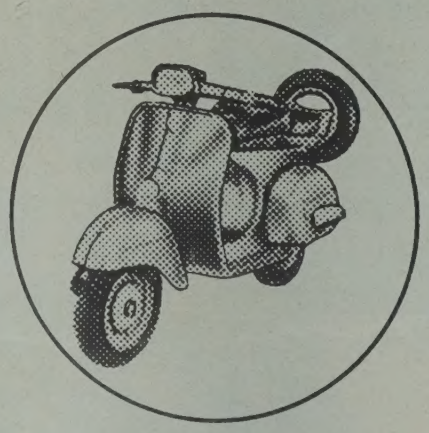
A child's needs. Changing with every passing moment.

A parent's desire. Staying ever-constant.

To give their loved ones whatever they need to be happy.

Whatever the cost. Whatever the sacrifice. Just to see the sparkle of happiness in their eyes.

That is reward enough.



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Eve's Weekly

VOL. XXXIV NO. 41 BOMBAY OCT. 11 — 17, 1980

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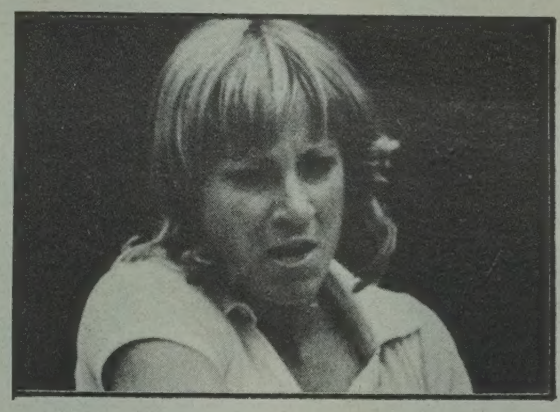
THIS WEEK

SUCCESS WITH KIDS

Getting to the top of one's career with children in tow does not seem the easiest thing in the world to do. But it's not impossible, and the children are none the worse for their mothers' ambitions, say seven achievers.
Page 10.



WOMEN AT THE U.S. OPEN

This year's women's tournaments at the U.S. Open brought to the limelight some very talented youngsters, though the "oldster" (at 24!) finally won. A look at the new young talent in women's tennis.
Page 22.

SKELETONS IN THE CUPBOARD

Sexual abuse of children is unfortunately not as uncommon as one would like to think. And the idea that such abusers are generally mentally ill and certainly strangers to the child is also, unfortunately, wrong. Women share their experiences.
Page 16.

A GUIDING HAND

Some children do not easily fit into commonly accepted behavioural patterns. This certainly does not mean that they are abnormal in a negative sense. Timely professional help can help them realise themselves and at the same time belong to the larger community.
Page 19.

ALSO

Artistry in Applique: Wall hangings with a difference — **Page 15** Bright in Black and Red: A skirt for you to knit — **Page 25** "Price To Be Met": Concluding the new Mills & Boon serialization — **Page 34** At the Mercy of Mangu: A familiar lament — **Page 46** Film Interview: Vijayeta — **Page 51** Eve Today: Vani Venkataram — **Page 53.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Beauty Bulletin/**13**, Comics/**27**, Human Interest Story/**30**, Fashion/**32**, Cookery/**37**, People Known & Unknown/**41**, Short Story/**43**, Hiya Honey/**55**, Life's A Funny Thing/**57**, Frankly Speaking/**59**, People & Events/**60**, Horoscope/**62.**

Just ten...
And she is signing cheques.
As your child grows, she needs a bank account that grows to meet her future needs
Give her that feeling of responsibility...
Of owning an account she can operate herself, as she turns ten.
She can open an account with as little as Rs. 5/-
It is time to teach your child the saving habit.
punjab national bank
(A Government of India Undertaking)
...the name you can BANK upon !

YOUR PAGE

Do you have something to say?
Then say it here. We pay Rs. 25, 15 and 10 for the three best letters.

1st PRIZE

MAMA MIA!

My husband and I have two handsome children. She is now 18 and he is about 14. The former is a twin baby — the boy died when just a few months old. Both the children have overtaken us in height and, of course, outwit us in many departments of worldly affairs. Sometimes I wonder at how quickly they have grown. I recall them as tiny creatures responding so lovingly to my overtures. But their kisses and affectionate embraces are things of the past. They are now so very arrogant, challenging us on every conceivable topic. I protest to my husband many a time but he is very understanding and always takes their side chiding me for being unresponsive to the modern trends. "You will feel happier if you have another child," he suggested to me once. "No, never! You want me to become a laughing stock in front of grown-up children?" I protested.

But, oh God! I am now expecting — almost 22 years after marriage. I have forgotten all about labour pains. It all appears to be so very exciting and new. The children are equally enthused. My husband, of course, is thrilled with his glorious 'success'. I am once again knitting mini sweaters and stitching baba suits. Everyone is suddenly so magnanimous. Even the arrogant ones are helpful. Neighbours and friends happily offer their hand.

I indulge in reveries. . . will it be a boy or a girl? But the only scary thought which haunts me (and I really shudder to think of it) is: what if it's twins again? However, my eighty - plus mother - in - law pipes in: "I am always there!" The children, too, are ready to share in the care of twins. And my husband? He just smiles.

CHANDER KANTA GANDHI
Jammu

What a happy letter! And you do see, don't you, how these terrible teenagers become all soft and solicitous when mummy needs them? You are a lucky mother — although a bit too prolific for our way of thinking!

2nd PRIZE

IYC ET AL. . .

Your recent article, "What Ails the Indian Toy Industry" admirably highlights the plight of the large majority of children who have to content themselves with "shoddy, dangerous and moronic stuff". What is worse, however, is that this situation is not confined to toys but is true of every other aspect of a child's life in our country! There are no children's films worth the name; books (for children) have gone out of the reach of even the upper-middle classes and the few libraries that exist are inadequately stocked.

In more important areas, too, facilities are woefully lacking. Text-books are badly written and full of factual errors; our schools are overcrowded and ill-equipped. Problem children are left to fester with their fears and anxieties because we have not heard of Child Guidance Clinics. The bright child is given no encouragement or outlet for its superior talents. The Vocational Guidance Bureaux we have, are ill-informed and uninterested. Our Universities, as one foreign dignitary unpleasantly, though truthfully, put it, are 'degree-shops'. In public life, we, adults, have shown ourselves to be selfish, greedy and corrupt. We pride in calling ourselves a nation of child-lovers but the sad truth is that, at best, we pamper and spoil them and, at worst, we commit the biggest error of all— subject them to indifference and neglect.

LEELA RAMASWAMY,
Bangalore

Who cares — International years, notwithstanding? Sporadic efforts are made, a lot of publicity is garnered, but the children remain waifs (yes, even the urban ones), neglected and exploited. Child-lovers? You must be joking..

3rd PRIZE

THE BEASTS WITHIN

With more and more wife-burning incidents coming to the fore, even the most sensational cases of rape which caused such a furore recently, are losing their initial impact on the public. It is all very well to raise a voice against these rapists, the so-called human beasts, and protest vehemently that no less than a death sentence should be awarded to the culprits.

But what about those more civilised, cultured and educated fiends who behind the sacred veil of marriage, torture their life-partners to death — be it for dowry or some other reason? Is there nothing that we can do to stop these atrocities on wives who suffer silently upto the end.

For, how dare they raise their voice against their own lords, who are responsible for their very existence! Or is it that women consider torture and death by the hands of their husbands far more dignified than being victims of a beastly act by another man?

When the so-called protectors of the weaker-sex (is that not why women marry after all?) themselves do not hesitate to prepare a funeral pyre for them, how can women hope for protection from the outside world? And tell me. what penalty would be appropriate to award to these civilised beasts?

USHA SASTRY, Pune

So women cannot hope for protection. So they should stop believing protection is their birthright — the earlier the better. We want to be treated as equal human beings, and like the human beings of the other sex, we'll have to first become economically independent; all else will follow. . .

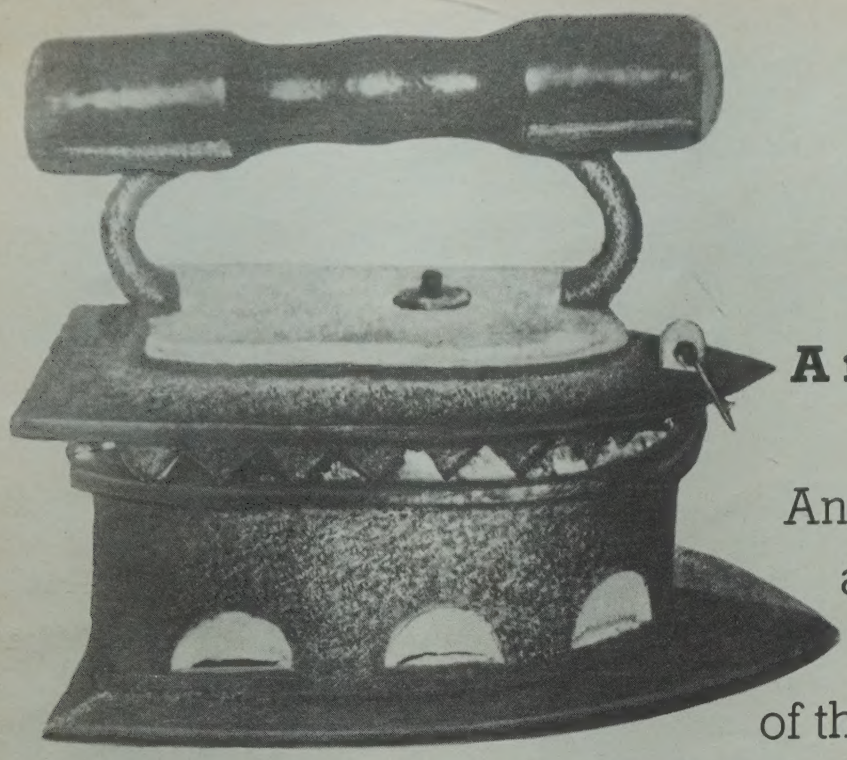
PETER GOT MORE. . .

Quite recently, a prominent daily carried two news items on its front page; one, the death of a veteran Bengali actor Uttam Kumar and two, the death of Peter Sellers, the popular British comedian. What surprised me was that while our own actor got a very small mention — precisely two small paragraphs — the British actor received a wide coverage mentioning his movies, wives, wealth, etc. Why such a step-motherly treatment to our own prominent personalities?

Our craze for foreign goods is nothing new. Many have made fools of themselves, buying Indian goods abroad thinking them to be 'phoren'! But, surely, a national daily should adopt a more balanced attitude?

URMILA RAMRAKHIANI
Bombay

You are not correct in your deductions. The Bombay papers which came out with the news immediately, probably had more material on Peter Sellers than on Uttam Kumar — a pity, but there it is and a pointer to the mass popularity of foreign films. However, Uttam Kumar got massive eulogies in the Bengali press — Sellers could never have competed with him on his home ground! And remember, the Bombay papers and magazines wrote reams of stuff on Mohammed Rafi. So there is absolutely no question of eulogising only "foreign goods". . .



A fond farewell...

We all remember the coal iron.
And how it almost broke our
arms even while it pressed our clothes.
Bajaj helps make all that a thing
of the past... ■ Bajaj irons are made better.
So they last longer. While a 10 microns thick chrome
plating makes them look better. In addition,
a perfectly calibrated thermostat maintains just
the right temperature. Constantly. No wonder more people buy
Bajaj than any other iron! There's a range of
models to choose from. Either automatic or non-automatic.
All made to the strictest IS specifications. As well as
to Bajaj's own demanding standards. Backed by
stringent quality control. And a 3500-strong dealer
network that ensures prompt after-sales service.
Wherever in India you are. It's things like these
that make Bajaj the leaders in appliances.

Discover Bajaj Irons.

The new favourite for
the oldest reason: quality.

BUY BEST bajaj BUY BAJAJ

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

WHIPPING FOR RAPE

It is indicative of the concern society feels at the high incidence of violence that all the 25 you interviewed were in favour of retaining the death penalty. ("Back to the Noose", Aug. 23). But I feel few will agree with those who demand hanging for rape. As a woman, I feel that some kind of public punishment, like whipping, would be a more appropriate punishment for rape.

RAMADEVI KRISHNABHUSHAN, Hyderabad.

KNOWING YOUR RIGHTS

The article, "Getting Married? Choose Your Law With Care" by Rita Rahimtoola (The Law: Know Your Rights, Aug. 30), was informative and helpful. In fact, it is through magazines that the general public can be made aware of the laws, rules etc. which affect our lives. In India most people are ignorant about important social laws because of illiteracy and lack of publicity, and this prevents most of them from taking advantage of the provisions of the law.

S. K. SHARMA, Gangtok.

ECONOMIC INDEPENDENCE

Wife beating is a common phenomenon in Hindu families. It is an irony of our society and an anachronism of our culture that a mother-in-law conveniently forgets that she too was a daughter-in-law. I suggest that the government keep in its dust-laden books of social morality high-sounding words like "equality", "dignity" etc. for women, because nothing of that sort is allowed to exist. The present obnoxious policy of "reservation" for certain castes and classes should disappear, and instead 50 per cent of jobs and seats in educational institutions should be reserved for women. When they have an economic position and can assert their rights, men will learn a lesson — the hard way.

U. S. IYER, Pune.

JUSTIFICATION FOR WIFE-BEATING

I read with interest and amusement the article, "When a Husband Turns Violent" (Aug. 30). Much hue and cry is made over wife-beating (of course, I vehemently oppose it), but when the root cause for such a state of affairs is the wife herself or her mother, then the husband certainly needs to be understood. Take the case of the unfortunate wife in the above article — wasn't she or her mother responsible for this sad state of affairs? Knowing fully well at the time of marriage that the girl was suffering from asthma, why was this fact not brought to his notice? Asthma is not an ordinary disease. It is something serious. How do you expect a man to love somebody he feels he has been cheated by?

J. L. LOBO, Bombay.

THE WOMEN WERE TO BLAME

After many years I cried today when I read the articles on wife-beating (Aug. 30) for they suddenly took me into my past.

Do not condemn men too harshly, for men alone are not to blame. I know you will say: here is another man trying to defend his own sex but, believe me, my father, although he beat my mother, truly and really loved her. The people responsible for this state of affairs were my grandma and my paternal aunts.

It was after many years of observing events and situations that we children realised that though it was the hand of my father that beat my mother, the motivation came from the women-folk of his family.

Women will only be liberated when all mothers are educated enough to understand that dowry is evil and desist from teaching their sons to beat their wives and getting sadistic pleasure out of it. The traditional Indian son should also learn not to abuse his wife.

C. S., Dubai.

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF OCTOBER 18

PARENTS OR PUNTERS?

Is the aim of education to prove that your child is better than your neighbour's, or is it to develop his or her full potential even if it means his/her not getting into an I.I.T. or making it to the I.A.S. at the end? All parents have to make their individual decision. A different viewpoint on the purpose of educating children.

THE IMPORTANCE OF BLOOD

Women and blood have a special relationship because women, particularly, are vulnerable to blood deficiencies that could impair their health quite seriously.

RIGHT TO MAINTENANCE

Our legal rights column this month deals with the wife's right to maintenance.

MENTAL RETARDATION

Is enough attention paid to the mentally retarded in our country? How far are parents responsible and how far the government and institutions?

Plus all our regular features.

Children + Career

In a survey of high level women achievers, the popular myth that women who work neglect their children, was blown sky-high. Achievement oriented mothers on the contrary, seemed to be blessed with well adjusted, balanced and even outstanding children. A striking characteristic was their unquestioned acceptance of their responsibility towards their children. But to aspire to high levels of achievement and look after one's children is no mean task.

Shalinitai Patil, No. 2 in the Maharashtra Ministry, Minister for Revenue and Rehabilitation. and so the most powerful woman in the state today, in an exclusive interview proved to be delightfully human, pithy and pertinent in her views about bringing up children. She is also that rare politician — punctual, time conscious and courteous. Wife of the political stalwart of Maharashtra, Vasantdada Patil who is now an M.P., she said, "I entered politics late, much after my children were born. I do not think it advisable to leave children when they are still infants to enter a profession. I got married when I was only 17 and studying in the tenth standard. But I continued my studies after marriage. and in the LL.B. exam, I stood first class first in Shivaji University. However, I did not neglect my children while studying. By fortunate coincidence, I delivered my children during the vacations. I was a good mother. I breast fed them, no artificial milk for them. This I did in spite of having to come home every two or three hours from college.

"Now I am 47. My oldest son is 29, looking after a farm in Sangli. My second son is 27, and has a small business, and is also studying for his commercial art diploma in the J. J School of Art. Both are married. My daughters Vijaya and Shoba are well educated. Vijaya has done her M.A. and is in London for higher studies. Shoba has done her B.A., and is very fond of the outdoors — horse riding, swimming, etc. So, now I have nothing to worry about as my children have grown up mature and independent in outlook."

"No," she replied in answer to my question. "I did not encourage them in politics as it is a very hard life. They have their own interests. Women generally can combine a career in any field and bring up their children successfully."

"Sometimes children don't cooperate, they would ask me, 'Mummy, why do you have to go out?' It is not easy. It takes hard work, endurance to face and overcome obstacles, and above all, patience. Women should not be perturbed by criticism. They face more hardships than men in their work, as well as in society. But, they should keep their goal firmly in mind, and not deviate even one inch from it because of these hardships, though it will take time."

"You know," she continued, "if a young beautiful girl goes out and tries to do something, she faces trouble in her work and in society. She might have to face her husband's anger at home also. So she must have patience, and be highly ambitious.

Shalinitai Patil

"Sometimes when the children were difficult, I would tell them I do what I think is best, and in the end they would agree. So now my decisions have been proved correct. It is quite possible for women to be successful both in politics and child rearing."

Elegant and dignified, Justice Sujata Manohar, Bombay High Court's first woman judge, indicated her abiding interest in law, coming as she does from an eminent legal background. Her father is the noted Justice Desai. She has two sons and a daughter.

"A woman's success in her chosen field as well as in the upbringing of children, depends on the home environment. What it all boils down to is the husband's support." According to her this support helps a woman to achieve much more than if she were without it. Having had to work in a field which in earlier days was more male oriented than now, she admitted there were days when she asked herself what was the point, but the constant encouragement of her husband helped her through.

"Children should be exposed to different experiences. I encouraged my children to be independent, but they need to be at least 6 to 7 years — self reliant — before a woman can fully embark on her career.

"As long as a woman's priorities are right, especially during illness responsibility towards children comes first, success in both home and career is possible. Perseverance is most necessary. I used to be home by 6 p.m. to be with the children. Which male lawyer does that?"

Kamalini Bhansali

It is indeed remarkable that this learned lady succeeded in reaching the eminent position of a Judge at such a young age and in such a short time.

No. 1 in India, for almost 15 years, twice Asian champion, ten times winner of the Nationals, 15 times winner of the Western Indian Championships, of the Shiv Chatrapathi Award in 1975-76, and two Arjuna Awards in 1979-80, Nirupama Mankad is the most outstanding woman tennis player the country has produced. Winning her first major title — the Asian title — in 1965 when only 17, Nirupama had imbibed her father's advice: "No. 1 or nothing!"

"I just had to win," she said. After marriage and the birth of her son she continued to play. "It depends on what you want from life. In spite of the difficulties of looking after a baby at night, you bring yourself up to a certain level of physical fitness: you must be in form as a routine before a match."

Talking of her children, Nirupama confesses she never pushed her first son into either tennis or cricket (her husband Ashok Mankad is the well-known cricketer). But she admits that now she is keen on the second son taking up tennis. Parental guidance is most important, she feels. Children look for encouragement from their parents.

Her own father, G. Vasanth, was her mentor. "Basically, once the child develops an interest, there is really no need to push."

Congenial circumstances after marriage, the encouraging attitude of her sports minded in-laws, the Vinoo Mankads, helped her continue playing after marriage. Married women, she feels, need to work hard at their game or profession and organise their time efficiently so as to continue in spite of the odds against them. "A woman needs something of her own to stand by her at a later stage when the children are grown up," she pointed out and in this the parents' attitude towards daughters makes a big difference.

Nirupama has now planned to retire from competitive tennis to devote her time to coaching at the MSLTA courts.

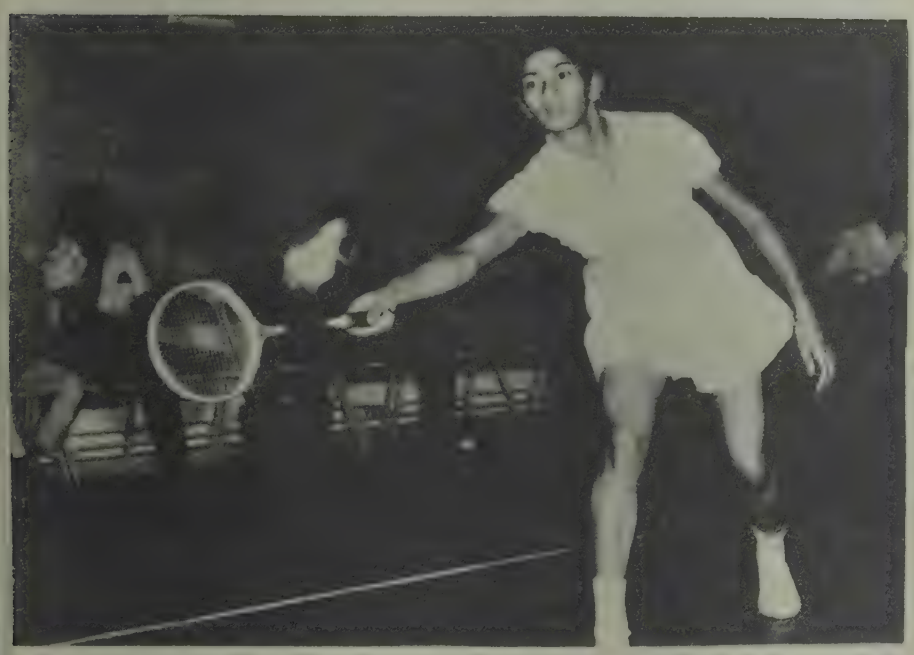
A woman who has made it in the tough competitive business

= Success

SOME HIGH LEVEL WOMEN ACHIEVERS EXPLODE THE POPULAR MYTH THAT THEIR CAREERS HAVE MADE THEM IRRESPONSIBLE TOWARDS THEIR CHILDREN AND THEIR HOMES

Preeth I. Biddapa

world is Mrs. Kusum Kapoor, part owner and top executive of Radio T. V. Commercials. Writing copy, scripts and commentaries for films and press and radio advertisements, voicing ads over T.V. and radio, reading out news, lending her voice to documentaries, managing an expanding business in addition to tending to her three growing children — Kusum Kapoor does all these with an easy aplomb. And she has won an incredible number of awards for excellence in advertising. She is the brain behind the production of sponsored programmes like Everready Ke Hum Safar, Kissa Tota-Maina, and Aap Aur Hum. An M.A. in Hindi and English, Mrs. Kapoor is very articulate and scintillating company.



Shoba Mehta

Munira Chudasama

Kusum Kapoor

Starting her business from scratch ten years after marriage, three children, and then divorce, Kusum Kapoor found "Bombay kind," when she arrived after leaving her young children with her parents in Kolhapur. Despite being a newcomer, 32 years old, and having to compete with established businesses and younger women, Kusum worked her way to success. Now, 12 years later, and at the top of her profession, she explained how she looked at the situation then.

"It's a man's world even today, but you can't afford to indulge in sorrow. When you have to fight, you have no choice. The energy spent on being miserable can be better utilised to fight your battles and overcome the obstacles you face," she explained.

Her children have since joined her; her son plans to study medicine, her daughter works with an advertising firm, and her youngest is still in school.

"More than my being a support to them, they have become my support, my greatest friends and counsellors, my everything. They sustained my ambition and my confidence in myself." She feels that her working has made them more well adjusted, more understanding and closer to her than children are from unbroken homes or with stay-at home mothers since they had to make their own decisions in her absence. She has tried to be "kind without being indulgent," and while providing security in the home she has not been overprotective.

My parents gave me the utmost encouragement and support. My ultimate goal was the children's security. I worked for economic independence, as women from broken homes who depend totally on parents or others are like parasites, and they finally make their children feel inadequate."

"Indian women," she commented, "should stop feeling sorry for themselves and nursing a sense of guilt. On the contrary, they should radiate self-confidence and bring up their children without any complexes. Stop expecting sympathy, and have faith in yourself, for I believe that when you've gone down, you have to come up again."

Registrar of the SNDT University for 20 years now, and in the educational field earlier as Inspectress of Schools, totalling three decades in the service of education in Mrs. Kamalini Bhansali, B.A. M.Ed.

"My interest in education is mainly because of my family background. My grandfather, Mr. Khandwalla, was a reformer who believed in the emancipation of women. My mother was widowed early and opened a Montessori school. My in laws are also working. So, if I had not worked, I would have been a nonconformist.

"My children accepted my working without demur right from the start. Only when I went on outstation postings did they protest, but it did not have an adverse effect on them by causing any sense of insecurity or maladjustment that working mothers sometimes have to face, as there were so many members in our joint family to look after them. On the contrary, my working gave me a larger perspective which enabled me to help my children reach important decisions about their career.

"Conflicts inside families arise because of the generation gap between our older generation and the youngsters. We, the middle generation, can help to bridge this gap because we appreciate both points of view. Except for minor details like supervising the children's homework, which actually counts for little in the long run, my working has not given me any reason for a guilty conscience.

"Success in one's field and in rearing well balanced children, depends on one's personality — how you balance your stress points in adjusting the two roles. Of course, I was fortunate in having a joint family, accept my working, and extend facilities to look after my children."

Mrs. Bhansali is happy that both her children have succeeded in joining professions of their choice. "It was not a second choice.' Her daughter is a doctor and her son an architect.

Mrs. Bhansali, who was in charge of SNDT's Continuing Education Programmes for seven years, said that SNDT now offers several valuable self-employment programmes designed especially for educated married women who have to manage children, but are also interested in making something of themselves.

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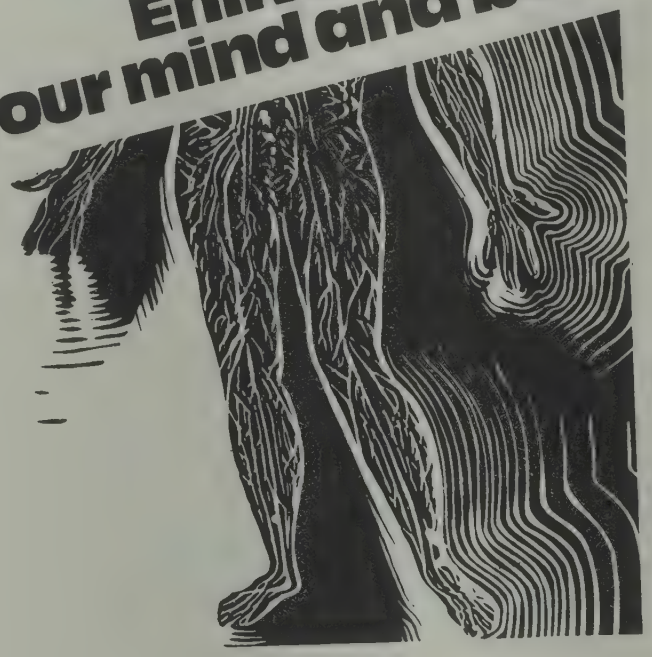

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BEAUTY BULLETIN

Kiyoko M., a leading beautician, will answer your beauty queries every fortnight in this column.

FOR DULL EYES

My eyes are dull and I want them to be bright and shining. What should I do?

C. L. (Panaji)

Do you get eight-hour sleep daily? This is very important for your eyes. Frequent late nights have a harmful effect on the eyes making them appear dull and lustreless.

Splash cold water into your eyes before your bath. Using a dropper put a drop of cold rose water in your eyes daily. Do this before going to bed at night. Or take cottonwool pads soaked in eau de cologne and place them over closed eyelids. Lie down and relax for about 10-15 minutes.

Include in your diet raw vegetables and greens and citrus fruits for their Vitamin C content.

HAVE BALANCED DIET

I am expecting my first baby— I am three months pregnant. I know of some friends who have put on weight during pregnancy. I want to control this, please give me some suggestions.

F. M. (Pune)

Irregular eating will result in weight gain. You should eat sensibly — take balanced meals including plenty of proteins and vitamins. Have more of milk, fruit, leafy green vegetables, meat, fish, eggs and cheese.

You do not have to eat for two, but nutritive foods are essential for you.

LUSTROUS EYES

CRACKED HEELS

My heels have cracked which give an unsightly appearance. Please suggest a remedy for this. Also I feel very lazy in the morning when I get up. What should I do?

Y. C. (Delhi)

When having your bath, use a hard brush to remove the dirt from the heels. Rinse well and pat dry. Massage them with coconut oil to which a little vaseline has been added. Avoid wearing chappals outside as these expose your feet to dust.

When you get up in the morning do a few stretching exercises to pep you up. Take a glass of lime water to which a little sa has been added to get rid of the lethargic feeling.

TO REMOVE BLACKHEADS

My skin is oily and full of blackheads, especially on the nose and chin. How can I get rid of these? I am 21.

T. D. (Bombay)

An oily skin is prone to blackheads, therefore regular cleansing is necessary to keep your skin clean. The overactive sebaceous glands clog pores forming blackheads. Wash your face, then apply hot water packs of boric powder dissolved in hot water to soften the skin. Wrap sterilised gauze on your forefinger and thumb and using a gentle pressure, squeeze out the blackheads. You could use a blackhead extractor if you have one. Never pick blackheads — you could spread infection on the skin. Then use an astringent to close the pores.

CHILDREN + CAREER = SUCCESS

that is richly and traditionally Indian, designed by gracious Munira Chudasama, owner of Bombay's most exclusive boutique. Soft spoken Munira finished her M.A. in international banking and finance, breaking fresh ground in academic fields for women in her orthodox community.

She conceived the idea of a boutique after marriage. "My husband encouraged me, he has never once interfered in my work." This doyen of Indian designers believes in the unrivalled elegance of the sari. "It can be draped beautifully, and with telling effect in so many ways — the Gujarati, Coorgi, and the traditionally Maharashtrian.

"In the beginning I did everything myself. I was the designer, shop assistant and publicity campaigner. Now after 12 years, the shop almost runs on its own. In the winter months we are specially busy, conducting fashion shows on the luxury liners. Sometimes we work till 1 a.m. trying to finish everything in time for our foreign buyers. The children know I can't be disturbed then.

"I believe in letting the individual blossom, in letting children finding their aptitude first. I prefer to let them go along with their ideas rather than make them do something I want. Children between the ages of 7 and 13 require maximum attention." Munira has two children, aged 7 and 10, a boy and a girl.

"I was fortunate," she said modestly, "in getting this space for my boutique, in being able to work my schedule around the children's school hours and in my wonderful servant who looks after my home when I am away."

Dedication and confidence are the prerequisites of a champion according to Shoba Mehta (nee Murthy), winner of the Arjuna Award in 1971 for badminton, and unmatched in style and class in the games so far, though she has stopped playing in tournaments after her marriage in 1972. "You have to be cool and confident to win. One major title can give you tremendous confidence to keep winning," she said explaining her winning streak that memorable year when she won seven triple crowns (singles, doubles and mixed doubles) out of 10. Winner of the Freny Talyarkhan Trophy twice for the Best Player of the Tournament, and of the Mumtaz Lotawalla Trophy in 1977 when it was first instituted for the Most Versatile Player of the Tournament, Shoba said, "My interest in badminton began in school, Kimmins, Panchgani. The school authorities were most helpful, but parental encouragement is also necessary. Special permission was granted to my father to come and coach me in school."

Shoba has one daughter aged five. "I would not like to push her," she declared. "It depends on her choice." Like all good mothers, Shoba devotes her time to Neeta and plans to start her on badminton after she joins full day school.

Call it patience or perseverance, high ambition or cool confidence in themselves, these women have blazed trails in their fields by working harder than their homebound counterparts, and also because of one important factor. All of them could aspire to high level of achievement because of support from their elders and husbands. Like the saying that behind every successful man there is a woman encouraging him, nurturing his ambition, behind these very successful mothers are men — fathers or husbands — enlightened enough to guide and encourage them to overcome the difficulties a woman, and more so a mother, faces.

Ah! TAJ

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ARTISTRY IN APPLIQUE

A striking wall decoration in applique work, featuring trees in black and a blazing red ball representing the sun, is the first thing that catches the eye when you enter Sadhna Jain's bungalow in Delhi. This is a specimen of Sadhna's handiwork.

Married to an Army Officer who is posted to a Field Area from time to time, Sadhna has plenty of spare time which she uses to advantage. She specialises in making wall-hangings and cushion covers in applique work some of which are shown here. She does the designing, cutting the various shapes from fabric and hand-stitching, all by herself.

Sadhna favours bold Indian motifs, landscapes and geometrical patterns in earthy colours, also black and white combination. "It gives me a wonderful feeling when I see my wall-hangings and cushions adorning so many homes," she says with delight. Besides applique work, her creative urge finds expression in other crafts too — embroidery, tatting, tie and dye and doll and candle making.

As a science student (she is B.Sc from Delhi University), she could hardly spare time to pursue her hobbies. But her persistent efforts resulted in her first exhibition held at Wellington, near Ooty, where her husband was undergoing training. This was followed by her second exhibition in Kanpur.

So good was the response that Sadhna turned her hobby into a commercial proposition with encouragement from her husband and her family. "This helps me to earn pin money too," she says with pride.

Mother of two school-going children, Sadhna divides her time well between her family and her occupation.

C. Jain

Photographs : Harbans Mody

VULNERABLE LITTLE GIRLS

Sujata Gothoskar and
Vijay Kanhere

Neeta was telling her husband, "I am anxious about Sheetal. I don't feel like leaving her with anybody when I go out to work. We must do something."

"You worry unnecessarily," he replied. "I know there are reports of rape daily, but they are about grown-up women, and many of them are false anyway. Sheetal is just five years old. Don't get paranoid. I don't know what gives you such ideas."

Neeta had to keep quiet, but her childhood experience kept haunting her... she must have been the same age as Sheetal was now and as innocent when Birjubhai had... How could she tell her husband this? So she had to console herself with the thought, "Maybe what my husband says is true. It did happen to me, but it is so unlikely to happen to other children."

There has been no study or survey of the extent of child sexual abuse in India. This is understandable to a certain extent because even rape of adult women, a much more frequent occurrence, is being openly discussed only recently. Child sexual abuse is still under covers and is rarely discussed in public. but the issue needs to be aired as it is much more frequent than we imagine.

An article in the magazine MS of America dealing with this said, "Ask any group of a dozen or so woman if any of them were sexually abused in childhood. Statistics show that at least one will answer yes.... if she dares."

Our discussion with small groups of women, 17 in all, showed that not just one, but quite a few of them were sexually abused before they had reached the age of 13.

Anjana, now a housewife, and mother of two children, said, "We had two young bachelors as our neighbours. They would call us girls from the basti to see coloured picture books. They would place us on their laps one by one, touch us and fondle us. We felt so awkward, although we didn't understand what they were doing to us. But when we were 12 years old, we stopped going. We spoke among ourselves about it, but never told our parents. I only told my younger sister so that she would be more careful."

A woman lawyer, hearing this, commented, "This happens in slums, because girls there live without any privacy. They see so many things and come to accept sex as a normal function at an early age."

Anita, an engineer now, retorted, "That's not true; we lived in a big house with lots of privacy. Ours was a joint family — uncles, aunts, cousins, everybody in one big house. When I was about eight, I was playing hide-and-seek with cousins of my own age. I was hiding behind an almirah in an elder cousin's room (he was about 18 then). He was reading at the time. Suddenly he got up, shut the door and came behind the almirah and began doing strange things to me. First he pressed me close to him and started feeling me all over. I was petrified, but I couldn't scream. I didn't understand what he was doing. I only felt it was wrong. I didn't tell anyone. That was the first time, but not the last. Then after a few times. I decided that I should not be alone with him anywhere. I hate him even today after 20 years. He pretends nothing has even happened.

Urmila, a science graduate now in her late thirities, said. "I really don't know how to begin Neighbours and cousins are different. But when you experience this from your own father. it's awful. isn't it? It took some time for me to admit to myself that this was happening. But I could avoid more of this by being careful."

"It must be painful," commented another woman, Sumedha. "My mother's second aunt was raped by her own father It is said that he was too drunk to recognise her. She got pregnant by him and became insane after that."

So sexual abuse of children is not as rare as we like to think. It may not end in actual rape: it may be just "fondling," "cuddling," "feeling all over." But it has a definite sexual purpose which we even as children feel is wrong. As a doctor friend who had experienced such pawing put it, "I didn't know what was happening, but I knew it was not proper. I hated it."

As sexual abuse often begins before we understand its significance, force is seldom involved; the offender uses his position of authority or trust to persuade the naive child that what he is doing is harmless. According to several psychiatrists, when the victim realises the truth, he/she may feel both betrayed by the offender and guilty and ashamed about his/her own co-operation or lack of resistance.

Children are conditioned to obey their elders, especially those with authority over them Though not always, more often

than not the authority figures are males. So, when an adult of the family begins to misbehave with a female child she accepts it passively even if she does not like it. Very few children understand the nature of the approach or the sexual intentions behind it. Hence they do not resist. And once sexual abuse has begun, the adult is at a psychological advantage in coercing the child to continue. The threats held out for continuing may vary — some explicit, some implicit. They may range from withdrawal of affection and attention to loss of economic support.

The closer the relationship in emotional terms of the victim to the offender, the greater the psychological damage to the child. Not only does the victim have to contend with the fear of a further attack, the fear of being found out, but also with the trauma of being used sexually by an adult whom she has learnt to trust and depend upon. There is also a disruption of other adult-child relationships because of the guilt which she feels, her sense of unworthiness.

Most of us think that only the mentally sick adult indulges in such sexual abuse of children. While no study of any aspect of child abuse has been done here in India, the serious attempts at studying this in America show that it is untrue that men who sexually abuse children are always psychotic or mentally impaired by the use of drugs or alcohol. According to case studies by Ann Burgess, etc, less than 5 per cent showed evidence of a psychotic condition.

All these surveys in the West have exploded one by one the myths around child abuse. Are the offenders mostly strangers? No, say the researchers. According to a 1967 survey conducted in New York city by the American Humane Association, only one quarter of all sexual molestations were committed by strangers. In 75 per cent of the cases, the victim knew her assailant. In 34 per cent of the cases, the molestation took place not in lonely or dark places, but in her own home.

The rationalisation offered for sexual abuse of their own or other children is that the mai concerned has a very unsatisfactory sex life. So women are made the scapegoat! Even for this perversion the explanation given is that the wife has failed to satisfy her husband sexually, so he turns to his daughter! The woman is to be blamed for not keeping her husband sexually happy. So it is finally women who are at fault even in child abuse!

Some American experts have found a correlation between sexual abuse and later anti-social behaviour. Dr. R. Burnstine, a Chicago paediatrician, had found that nearly all the girls at Chaplin Hall, a home for disturbed and homeless children, had been sexually abused. A large portion of adolescent runaways were children trying to escape from sexual abuse at home. When physical escape proves impossible, they may turn to drugs. John Siverson, a family therapist in Minneapolis who has treated more than 500 cases of adolescent drug addiction, reports that some 70 per cent of his clients were caught in some form of sexual abuse. The same is true of 44 per cent of the female inmates at Odyssey House — a residential drug treatment institution and "out of the 52 cases only two had ever been reported to the authorities."

In a recent study of adolescent prostitutes, it was found that 75 per cent of them were victims of sexual abuse as children. The American National Centre on Child Abuse and Neglect estimates that there are at least 100,000 cases of sexual abuse each year, though it is the most unreported crime.

But why is child sexual abuse neglected so much? The answer is, "Our social attitude to sex."

Even in cases of rape of adult women, the victim and her relatives are the first to want to hush up the crime because it is the woman who is blamed and it is she who faces social obloquy. This is all the more true in the case of children. The mother and close relatives of the girl sexually abused fear that when the girl grows up she would not be able to get married because of what happened to her 10-15 years so. This is the gruesome reality of our society today.

Secondly, children are not economically independent and often the offender is the one who provides for the child and also the mother. The child feels scared/guilty of implicating the authority figure — the man who provides for her. And even if she does tell her mother the latter too wants to hush up the affair for fear of losing family prestige.

So the tragic truth is that very little can be done in today's situation for the child. In most cases sexual abuse of children is not even reported to the police. And if a rare report is made, the children are separated from their homes and kept in remand homes or places where their freedom is restricted and their upkeep is extremely poor. Today, especially in countries like India, children have no alternative but to keep their mouth shut about sexual abuse. Apart from a supplementary to the provision of "homes," the State has made certain provisions to stop child sexual abuse. According to the Bombay Children Act, 1948, Section 57m, "Whoever seduces or Indulges in immoral behaviour with a girl under the age of 18 years, shall on conviction be punished with imprisonment of either description for a term which may extend to two years or with a fine which may extend to Rs. 1000, or both."

But so far as child abuse is concerned the law is for all purposes ineffective. In reality there is hardly any conviction. Since the sexual abuse of children very often does not involve actual penetration, very little evidence can be produced against the offender. It is mainly the child's word against the man's. To appreciate the grim situation one just has to think of the difficulty which even adult women face in proving they were raped.

So no convictions take place and the abuse continues.

We are all worried about our young daughters and sons. But can we do something more positive than mere worrying? This is an urgent problem for society to ponder over and discuss and to arrive at some practical and humane means to protect children from such abuse.

MANY PEOPLE THINK THAT ONLY THE MENTALLY SICK ADULT INDULGES IN SEXUAL ABUSE OF CHILDREN, AND THAT THE OFFENDERS ARE MOSTLY STRANGERS. SHOCKINGLY, BOTH THESE VIEWS ARE WRONG

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WHEN A CHILD NEEDS HELP

IT IS UP TO THE PARENTS TO SEE THAT THE HELP PROVIDED BY CHILD GUIDANCE CLINICS AND THEIR TRAINED STAFF, IS NOT WITHHELD

Jaya Ramanathan

"As I went down the East River Drive, I thought of many children I had known — children who were unhappy, each frustrated in the attempt to achieve a selfhood he could claim with dignity; children not understood, but striving again and again to become persons in their own right. Out of projected feelings, thoughts, fantasies, dreams and hopes, new horizons grow in each child, I had known children who had been overcome by their fears and anxieties, striking out in self-defence against a world that for many reasons was unbearable to them. Some had emerged with renewed strength and capacity to cope with their world more constructively. Some had not been able to withstand the impact of their outrageous fortune."

These were some of the poignant musings of Virginia Axline in her book "Dibs: In Search of Self", a most moving narration of a disturbed child's personality development through therapy, rendered all the more credible as the author herself is a practising play therapist.

Any given society today has its share of Dibs, in other words, children who do not conform to accepted norms of behaviour. Theirs is an existence beyond the parametric confines of normal life. Yet, it is a pathetically impenetrable and highly individual world of their own.

As lay persons we may lack the knowledge to enumerate the reasons for these children's inability to fit into accepted patterns, but as rational beings we have to grant that every child has his private world of meaning, conceived out of the integrity and dignity of his personality.

It is this personality when locked up within the innermost recesses of a child's being that the qualified personnel at the Child Guidance Clinics (CGCs) strive to bring to the fore by getting to the roots of individual psychological problems.

A Child Guidance Clinic usually comprises the following personnel: full-time psychiatric social workers and part-time visiting child psychiatrists, child psychologists and speech and at times physio-therapists.

From my discussions with different social workers at various CGC's I gathered the psychological problems of children could roughly be grouped as under:

BEHAVIOURAL

Under this classification would be children who have personality difficulties that manifest themselves in distinct behavioural disorders such as excessive shyness bordering on withdrawal symptoms, aggressiveness, habit malfunctions as bed wetting (aneurism) and persistent thumb sucking.

"It is the obvious and more embarrassing habits of the child like thumb sucking that perturb parents and make them wend their way towards a CGC; in the process they fail to notice the subtler symptoms of the child like timidity and defiance — these problems we are often able to unearth in the course of our discussions," explained a social worker.

EDUCATIONAL

A large majority of the cases handled by the CGC's fall into this category. A child of average or above average intelligence is able to cope with the highly competitive system of education that is in prevalence today. But in cases of children whose IQs are slightly below normal, espe-

CHILD GUIDANCE CLINICS IN BOMBAY

Child Guidance Clinic,
Indian Council of
Mental Health,
Eros Building, 3rd Floor,
42 Maharshi Karve Road,
Churchgate,
Bombay 400 020

Child Guidance Clinic,
Bal Bhawan,
Near Charni Road Rly.
Station,
Chowpatty Sea Face,
Bombay 400 004

Child Guidance Clinic,
Hurkisondas Hospital,
2nd Floor, Room No. 1,
P.T. Clinic,
Prarthana Samaj,
Bombay 400 004

Child Guidance Clinic,
Institute of Child Health,
J.J. Hospital,
Bombay 400 008

Child Guidonce Clinic
Nagpada Neighbourhood
House,
Sophia Zuber Road,
Byculla,
Bombay 400 008

M.S.W.C.'s Child Guidance
Clinic,
6, Raveline Street,
Opp. Excelsior Theatre,
Fort, Bombay 400 001

Child Guidance Clinic,
Goa Hindu Association,
Gomantdham,
358 Dr. Bhadkamkar Rd.,
Bombay 400 007

Child Guidance Clinic.
Remand Home,
Umarkhadi,
Bombay 400 009

Child Guidance Clinic,
Psychiatric Department,
J.J. Group of Hospitals,
Byculla,
Bombay 400 008

Child Guidance Clinic,
Seva Niketan,
Byculla,
Bombay 400 008

Child Guidance Clinic of
B.Y.L. Nair Hospital,
Municipal Dispensary,
Jeela Maidan,
Byculla,
Bombay 400 008

Child Guidance Clinic of
Tata Institute of Social
Sciences,
Bai Jerbai Wadia Hospital
for Children,
Parel,
Bombay 400 012

Child Guidance Clinic,
B. J. Home,
Shradhanand Road,
Matunga,
Bombay 400 019

Child Guidance Clinic,
Psychiatric Department,
B.A.R.C., Hospital,
Anushakti Nagar,
Bombay 400 094
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Child Guidance Clinic,
Department of Psychiatry,
K.E.M. Hospital,
Parel,
Bombay 400 012

Child Guidance Clinic and
Research Centre,
Psychological Research
Institute,
Gujarat Research Society,
Samshodan Sadan,
South Avenue,
Bombay 400 052

Child Guidance Clinic,
L.T.M.G. Hospital,
Sion,
Bombay 400 022

Child Guidance Clinic,
Dr. R. N. Cooper
Municipal Gen. Hospital,
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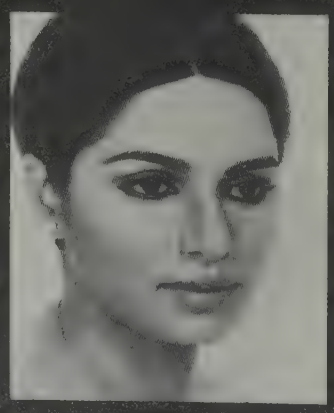

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WHEN A CHILD NEEDS HELP

cially in middle class families where great emphasis is laid on scholastic achievements, and where the parents' anxiety and tension only serve to magnify the child's poor school preformance, education becomes a nightmare. A social worker enumerates a typical urban phenomenon:

"There is this clamour for English medium education. When the parents themselves are not very highly qualified or well up in English, the children find it all the more difficult to keep abreast of the class and yet there is this constant pressure on them to fare well."

Rekha was one such child who kept retrogressing till she failed in her fifth standard. Her parents brought her to the CGC as a final resort. The clinic's findings were :

To begin with, the parents had wanted a boy as a first child and Rekha was a disappointment; what was worse, the second child was also a girl. The father taught Rekha at home and his patience withered at the child's slow grasp. He began to rant with alarming frequency, "You will fail." The child became resigned to her father's repeated prediction and refused to make further efforts. Her nonachievement at school became such a major issue in the house that all her good qualities were completely lost sight of.

At the clinic, the social workers coaxed and encouraged Rekha to speak aloud her feelings, while the parents were counselled. For instance considering the father was hard pressed for time it was suggested he employ a tutor for his daughter. The child improved at least to the point of not failing a second time, but the parents expected faster and more positive results and in time lost the motivation to escort the child to the clinic for continued therapy sessions.

"We only hope she does not once again recede to the earlier stage of resignation since we are not yet fully convinced she has got over her fears and complexes," wistfully a CGC employee commented.

PSYCHOSOMATIC PROBLEMS

Problems such as stealing, lying, playing truant from school are not very prevalent among the urban population, at least not among the middle and upper classes. Neuroses such as unwarranted, irrational fears, anxiety status, obsessive compulsions, nightmares and other sleep disturbance and loss of appetite, are again not very frequent.

Psychosomatic problems denote an underlying emotional or psychological imbalance related either to relationships or environment at home that lead to physical complaints like head and stomach aches and vomiting. At first parents consult their family physicians or child specialists and when the entire gamut of tests like blood reports and X-rays prove negative thereby ruling out an organic reason for the ailment, the case is referred to the CGC. The clinic then attempts to unearth the inner disturbance in the child which could be the cause of the physical ailment. Almost all children suffer mild forms of psychosomatic symptoms, especially during their first school year, when at a subconscious level they resent school, but it is usually a passing phase, soon got over. However, if it persists parents should seek advice.

FERREIRA ASSOCIATES SC 5

PSYCHOSIS

Perhaps the most heart rending emotional problem that can beset a child, psychosis can be either (a) primary — right from birth (congenital) — or (b) secondary, whereby a child, through some traumatic experience or incident, becomes psychotic. Psychosis generally makes a child autistic, that is, he completely withdraws into himself, he is totally unaware of his surroundings and will not respond or react to any external stimuli.

Bunty is a pathetic six-year-old psychotic child. He was born in America and as both his parents were working he was brought up by a nanny to whom he became greatly attached. When the child was five, his parents returned with him to India. The separation from the nanny was traumatic enough, but conditions further deteriorated when he took an instant dislike to his new Indian nanny. His reactions were misinterpreted as childish defiance and stubbornness and dealt with firmly. The child finally retreated into a world of his own; he constructed around himself an invisible yet impenetrable barrier, and despite repeated adult attempts to break through he became totally autistic.

Another extremely rare juvenile problem is schizophrenia. "I can only thank God I have not come across a schizophrenic case during my years here," breathed a clinic worker. A schizophrenic child suffers from advanced emotional disturbances such as paranoia, regression (a reversion to babyhood) aggressiveness and self-destruction.

DRUG ADDICTION

Fifteen-year-old Mohan belonging to a well to do family was brought to the CGC by his father. The complaints were: the boy's grades in school were dipping and he was generally noncommunicative. The father suspected the cause but left it to the clinic personal to confirm his worst fears — drug addiction.

"Apart from diagnosing his problem, there was little else we could do for the boy for he was a most noncooperative patient. He kept saying he did not require the services of a 'shrink' and resisted any kind of therapeutic treatment, finally his father stopped bringing him," asserted a social worker.

Then there are children who develop speech defects, the commonest form being stammering, and when doctors fail to detect an organic cause for the handicap the case is referred to the CGC for detection of possible psychological reasons. Very often a slight congenital stutter in a child is made worse by constant criticism. The child is made all the more conscious of his defect and at times retreats into himself. A speech therapist can help the child to overcome his inhibitions and climb out of his introversion in the company of other children.

"Parental counselling forms the biggest aspect of our overall treatment," explained a therapist. "There is no doubt every parent wants the best for his child and is anxious, ambitious and fearful for the child all the time, but at times it's the very overzealousness on their part that thwarts the child's normal development. When they come to us they must have patience,

Continued on page 59

The young ones have arrived, and are here to stay. The list of quarter-finalists in the women's singles event at the recent U.S. Open Tennis Championships reads like a junior college roll-call sheet. Tracy Austin (17) pitted against Pam Shriver (18); Barbara Hallquist (21) versus Hana Mandlikova (18); Ivanna Madruga (19) versus the baby of the bunch, Andrea Jaeger (15); and Mima Jausovec (20) facing the oldest of the eight, and one who literally qualified for the accolade of "teacher" to some of them, Chris Evert-Lloyd (25).

That Chrissie won the title on the sheer strength of her vast experience and her newfound determination to recapture the position of the World's No. 1 player which she had surrendered two years ago, is now history. But even Chrissie had to go through three-set matches in the last two rounds against the School Brigade before she could bag the crown that was hers for four consecutive years between 1975 and '78 before she surrendered it to Tracy Austin last year. The youngsters succeeded in sidelining players of the calibre of veteran Billie-Jean King; 1979's top woman player Martina Navratilova, the powerful Dutchwoman, Betty Stove, Dianna Fromholtz, Virginia Ruzici, et al. Wimbledon queen Evonne Goolagong Cawley did not play at Flushing Meadow, preferring to rest her old ankle injury.

RIGHT: Martina Navratilova . . a veteran at 23, has been suffering at the hands of the rookie pros.

Andrea Jaeger at 15 is the youngest player ever to reach the semi-finals of the U.S. Open.

TEENAGE TENNIS PROS

Shirish Nadkarni

Chrissie opened her bid for her fifth U.S. title by not conceding even a single game to a 23-year-old black pro from Miami, Kim Sands. Her unerring ground strokes from her favourite haunt, the baseline, were as deep and accurate as they were in those early days of her pro career when she was known as the emotionless tennis machine, "little Miss Icicle." On another court, the girl who is today considered the best player among the women struggled somewhat for her 6-2, 7-5 success over the local hope, Anne Smith. Tracy Austin, who was the defending champion and top seed at Flushing Meadow, was a little bothered by a tight arm and the sound of the planes flying overhead. The U.S. Open was shifted a couple of years ago from Forest Hills to its present site, close to the international airport. Tracy's revealing comment on the advent of each jet over the playing area, "I didn't realise how much you go by the sound of the ball. It's hard to judge how hard you've hit it when you don't hear it!"

That is the kind of involvement and concentration that the young ones have been able to bring with them. With the kind of rewards offered on the circuit (last year's leading earner, Martina, earned $ 5,94,248, which was just $ 65,000 less than the top earner among the men, Bjorn Borg!), the rookies do not have to bother about anything but tennis. Their lodging and boarding requirements are looked after by professional agents for a fee; school and college are but secondary considerations, for they can become millionairesses within a year or two on the pro circuit.

Early casualties in the tournament were Greer Stevens of South Africa, seeded seventh, and Betty Stove, seeded fifteenth. They were ousted by little-known English girls who promptly met their Waterloo a round later. Mariana Simionescu Borg failed to emulate the cool invincibility of her illustrious husband and was soundly beaten by Lindsay Morse at 6-1, 6-1, also in the first round. Mariana, it will be recalled, was the weakest of the foursome in the much-publicised winner-take-all "love-match," which pitted John and Chris Lloyd against Bjorn and Mariana Borg. The former had won with a degree of comfort.

Martina, who was seeded second behind Tracy, could easily have been upset in her very first outing. Unheralded Swedish player Lena Sandin induced several lapses in the self-exiled Czech player (now awaiting her

U.S. citizenship), and grabbed the second set at 6-4 after the loss of the first for a similar score. Martina, however, kept her cool, and took the last set at a canter, 6-2.

Chris kept going great guns through her next two rounds as well, and lost a total of just six games while reaching the round of 16. Tracy also advanced without dropping a set, though she came close to it in her third-round match against Sylvia Hanika of West Germany, trailing 1-4 in the opening set before coming roaring back to take the next five in a row. Two Czechs, besides Martina, showed their strength in the women's singles, with Hana Mandlikova, a protege of Navratilova, thrashing Briton Paula Smith; and the unseeded 26-year-old Renata Tomanova scoring over Stacy Margolin. Seeds to fall in the round of 32 were fifth-graded Wendy Turnbull of Australia, a 5-7, 1-6 loser to Barbara Hallquist; and 1977 Wimbledon champion Virginia Wade, beaten by Romanian Lucia Romanov.

And then, in the pre-quarters, the sensations started. Mandlikova bundled out her former idol, Martina in straight sets at 7-6, 6-4, making it her second victory over the latter in the space of two weeks. Hana, ranked ninth at the U.S. Open, has soared from 79th to 10th in the computerized ratings in just one year's time. In beating her fellow-countrywoman, Hana dazzled the crowd with her speed and power, producing her best tennis at crucial junctures, like during the first set tie-breaker. Breaking Martina's powerful left-handed service is not easy, but Hana managed it twice in the second set! Martina declared after the match, "She can win the whole thing!" Hana did not actually win it, but she came mighty close, leading

Tracy Austin, one of U.S.A.'s trio of implacable baseliners.

LEFT : Chris Evert-Lloyd, back at the very top after a much needed 3-month break from tennis.

Chris by a set in the final, before succumbing to the older player's phenomenal steadiness.

And so, on to the quarter-finals. Tracy used her favourite lobs and passing shots from the baseline to keep the attacking Pam Shriver running back and front. Her 6-2, 6-3 victory ended the dream of the lanky Pam to repeat her performance of reaching the finals here two years ago, when she had been beaten by Chris. Pam has this year battled back into the game after a severe shoulder injury threatened to cut short her promising tennis career. At Flushing Meadow, Pam had trouble with her serve, and did not hit her approach shots deep enough, something fatal against a baseliner.

Chris wore down Mima Jausovec of Yugoslavia, 7-6, 6-2, taking charge of the match after an indifferent start. Andrea Jaeger made history by becoming the youngest player to reach the semi-finals, eliminating Ivanna Madruga of Argentina, who has been coached by the redoubtable clay court expert Guillermo Vilas, at one time rated World No. 3. Andrea, who has modelled her game purely along Chrissie's lines, repeatedly raised the chalk with her accurate ground strokes, winning 6-1, 6-3. That double-handed backhand of hers is practically a Xerox copy of the stroke employed by Chris and Tracy.

In the fourth quarter-final, Hana Mandlikova routed Californian Barbara Hallquist, dominating the match with her fine serve, smooth passing strokes and general attacking play. Hana's style is more on the lines of Martina, and quite unlike that of the U.S. trio which strikes telling blows only from the baseline. She also reached the semi-finals without dropping a single set.

The two semi-finals of the $ 6,54,082 Championships will be remembered by all who had the privilege of watching them. Chris dethroned Tracy at 4-6, 6-1, 6-1 in an emotion-packed encounter, the result affording sweet revenge for five successive defeats that Chrissie had suffered at her compatriot's hands before taking a complete break from the circuit earlier this year for three months. "For six weeks, I did not touch a racket. Then one day, I went out and hit some balls with John (her husband), and really enjoyed myself. It was then I knew that I was ready for my comeback bid." And what a comeback it has been! Since returning to the rat-race of the circuit, Chris has played 43 matches (until the end of the U.S. Open), and lost just one — the final of the Wimbledon Championships to Evonne Goolagong Cawley.

In what Chris called the most emotional match of her career, she recovered from her by now familiar dismal start to completely overwhelm Tracy on a cloudy, dank day before a crowd of about 16,000. So much did Chris dominate that she won 11 of the last 12 games; and at the end, 16 of the last 17 points including the final 10. A feature of her play was that she attacked the net for uncharacteristic winners. It was as if she realised that nothing could go wrong with her that day. Tracy, on the other hand, felt the pressure of being the defending champion, and was a bundle of errors, her ground strokes lacking their usual depth and accuracy.

The other semi-final was a suspenseful 6-1, 3-6, 7-4 victory for Hana over the crowd's favourite, Andrea. The hard-hitting Czech started brilliantly, but her younger antagonist grew with every shot in the second set, and repeatedly passed the rangy Hana at the net with some lovely controlled stroke-play. They were neck-and-neck in the final set, and it was only Hana's stronger serving and attack at the net that gained her a narrow 7-4 verdict in the tie-breaker.

The way Hana started the final, it looked as if Martina's prediction would come true. That first set, a 7-5 triumph for Hana, found Chris not quite getting the length of her strokes. But from the very start of the second set, the former U.S. No. 1 was on the ball. The next two sets were a practical repeat of Chris' semi-final against Tracy. Mandlikova's attacking game fell apart in the face of a stream of winners down the flanks from Chris's racket. The victory, watched by more than 18,500 spectators at the National Tennis Centre, proved beyond a doubt that Chris had regained that keen competitive edge that had made her as much of a winning tennis machine among the women in the mid-seventies as Bjorn Borg among the men.

But Hana has not had the last word yet, nor has Andrea Jaeger. Hana, pushing back her trade-mark, a lucky red sweat-band on her forehead, says, "I can beat anyone now. After the past few weeks, I know that. When I was young, Martina was my idol in Czechoslovakia. She is a nice person, but she's not my idol any more. Nobody is my idol now!" That brash confidence is the hallmark of the teenage pros who have taken the tennis world by storm, and have relegated anyone over 23 (Chris is 25 and Martina 24) to the position of a veteran!

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THE LOOK IS LIVELY

JUST RIGHT FOR THOSE BREEZY DAYS IS THIS BEAUTIFULLY CROCHETED SKIRT IN WARM COLOURS

MATERIALS:

Raymond's knitting wool School Special 4 ply: 19 balls Black, 2 balls each of Red 507 and Pink 502, 1 ball each of White and Brown 545 (25 grams each), crochet hook No. 14, zip fastener 15 cms. in length.

MEASUREMENTS:

Length 74 cms., waist 60 cms.

ABBREVIATIONS:

ch. = chain; tr. = treble; sts. = stitches; rep. = repeat; tog. = together; dc. = double crochet; dec. = decrease; beg. = beginning.

Start at lower edge:

With black wool work a row of 470 ch., turn.

1st row: 1 tr. in 4th ch from hook, 1 tr. in each ch. to end, 2 ch., turn (468 sts.).

2nd row: 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch., turn. Rep. 2nd row 6 times more.

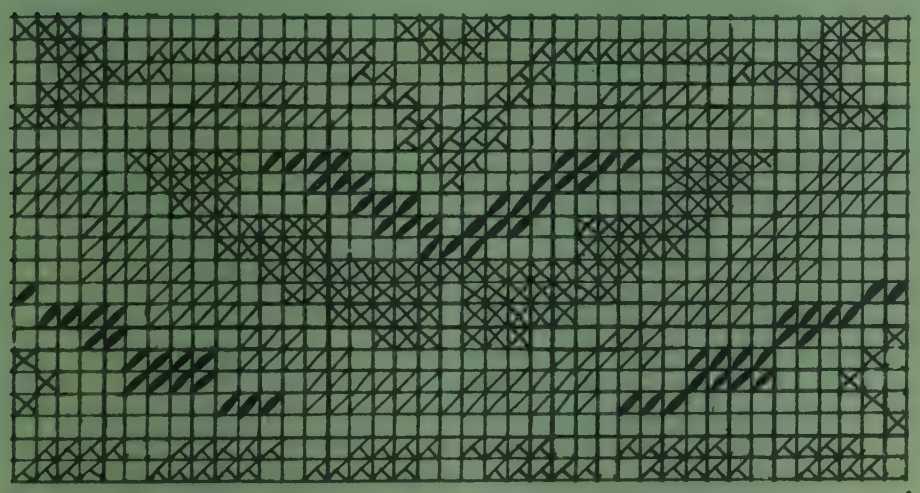
9th row: * 1 tr in each of next 35 sts., 2 tr. in next st., rep. from * 11 times more. 1 tr in each st. to end (480 sts.).

Now join colours as required and work from the given graph, rep. graph from A—B to complete each right side row and working from B—A to complete each row on wrong side. Work 2 tr. for each square. On completion of 21 rows, work 1 row of tr. in Black and then work from the same graph but working in reverse order, working from 21st row to 3rd row.

Fasten off coloured wool and continue in Black wool.

Next row: 1 tr. in each of next 9 sts., work next 2 tr. tog., (work 2 tr. but retain last loop of each on hook, wool over hook and draw through all loops) * 1 tr. in each of next 18 sts., next 2 tr. tog., rep. from * end with 1 tr. in each st. to end, 2 ch., turn (456 sts.).

Rep. the row of dec. once more, working 8 sts. at beg. and working 17 sts. instead of 18 sts. each time (432 sts.).



B A

Each square = 2 tr.

☒ — 507 ▨ — 502

☒ — 545 ▨ — White

☐ — Black

Now shape as follows:

1st row: 1 tr. in each of next 52 sts., work next 3 sts. tog., * 1 tr. in each of next 105 sts. work next 3 sts. tog., rep. from * twice more, 1 tr. in each tr. to end, 2 ch., turn.

2nd row: Work straight in tr.

Rep last 2 rows 29 times more, work one stitch less at ends and 2 sts. less between the dec. sts., work dec. row once (184 sts.) then work 14 rows of dc. for waist-band, fasten off.

TO MAKE UP

Join back seam, leave an opening of about 15 cms. for zip fastener. Work a row of dc. along the edges of the opening. Attach zip fastener to secure opening.

Arnavaz Dhondy

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

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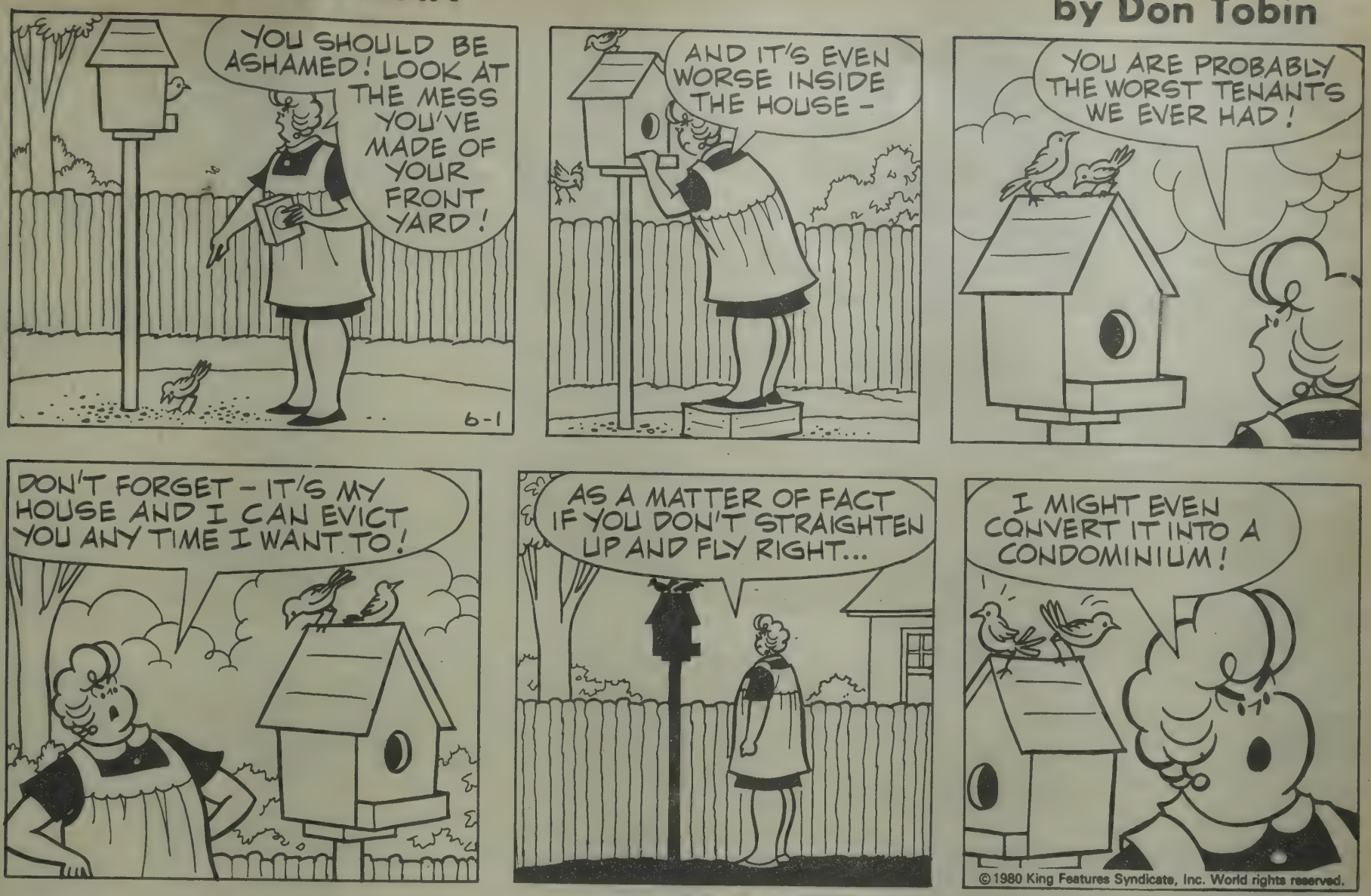
THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin


YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED! LOOK AT THE MESS YOU'VE MADE OF YOUR FRONT YARD!
6-1
AND IT'S EVEN WORSE INSIDE THE HOUSE –
YOU ARE PROBABLY THE WORST TENANTS WE EVER HAD!
DON'T FORGET – IT'S MY HOUSE AND I CAN EVICT YOU ANY TIME I WANT TO!
AS A MATTER OF FACT IF YOU DON'T STRAIGHTEN UP AND FLY RIGHT...
I MIGHT EVEN CONVERT IT INTO A CONDOMINIUM!
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

Uncle James came to visit and gave his nephew five dollars. "Now you be careful with that money, Tom," he said. "Remember that a fool and his money are soon parted."

"Yes, I know," said Tom politely, "but I thank you for parting with it just the same."

* * *

Judge: "You committed ten burglaries in one week?"

Culprit: "Yes, and if everybody worked as hard as I do, we'd be on the road to prosperity."

* * *

"Excuse me, sir, do you happen to have seen a policeman around here?"

"I'm sorry, but I haven't seen one."

"All right then, hurry up, and give me your watch and wallet."

* * *

A surgeon, an architect and a politician were arguing as to whose profession was the oldest. Said the surgeon, "Eve was created out of Adam's rib, and that surely was a surgical operation."

"Maybe," said the architect, "but prior to that, order was created out of chaos and that was an architectural job."

"But," interrupted the politician, "somebody must have been there before that to create the chaos."

* * *

A millionaire's young son was a first class liar, and the family was trying every expedient to reform him.

"Son," said the millionaire, "if you can tell me a lie without a second's thought, I'll give you fifty rupees."

"Fifty rupees, nothing," replied the boy, "you just said a hundred."

* * *

An eighty-year-old man with young ideas had married a girl of twenty-four and more than anything else in the world he wanted a son. He went to his doctor and explained the situation.

"I'm sorry," said the doctor, "you may be heir-minded, but you're not heir-conditioned."

* * *

The young man was taking his eye test. The optician held up a card.

"That's the figure eighteen," the young man said.

"Young fellow," said the optician, "you need glasses badly. I just showed you a picture of Marilyn Monroe talking to Audrey Hepburn."

* * *

"What were your husband's last words?"

"He said, 'I don't know how they make a profit on this stuff at eight rupees a bottle'."

* * *

Drunk at party: "Aw, lemme alone. Nobody cares if I drink myself to death."

Host: "I do. You're drinking 'my' liquor."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegradoe

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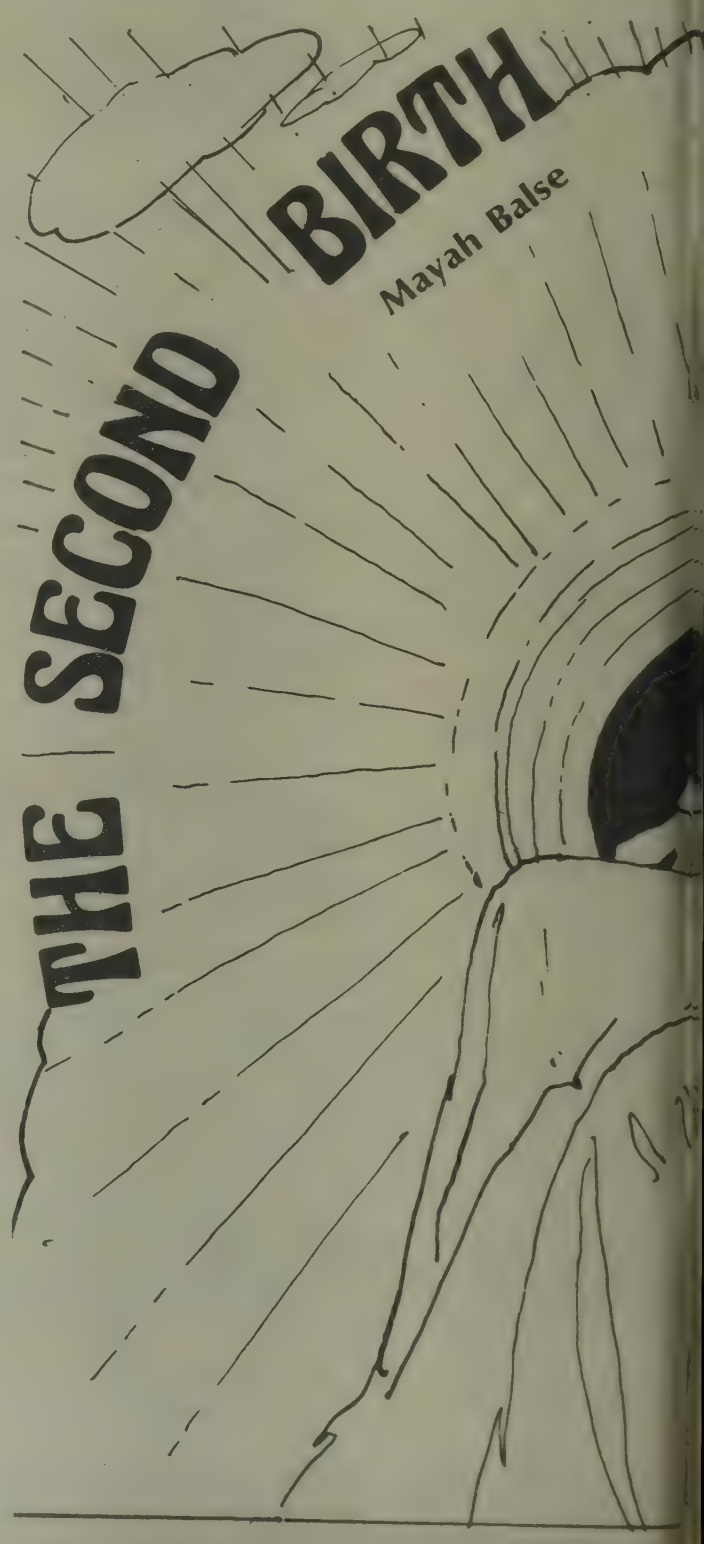
HUMAN INTEREST STORY

Facing a physical affliction with courage and making the best of life in spite of it is not the easiest thing in the world. True accounts of heroism in real life.

BIRTH THE SECOND

Mayah Balse



Manju had been married for ten months. Her husband Sarbjit was everything a young woman could desire — handsome, intelligent, loving and the epitome of physical fitness. He was an officer in the Indian Air Force posted in the north. But Manju was homesick to see her parents in Bombay, so the couple decided to drive down.

"Let's see my parents on the way," suggested Sarbjit. Saharanpur is not much of a detour."

"Why?" she laughed. "Are you homesick too?"

And so they teased each other, tender and affectionate like any newly weds still under the magic of a lingering honeymoon. Little did they imagine they would be spending their much awaited leave not in a happy family reunion in Bombay but in the tense. antiseptic silence of a hospital.

They reached Saharanpur after an uneventful journey. It had been dusty and hot, but apart from the normal fatigue of travel, they were in top condition. It was September 19, 1969. The night was touched with tenderness. Manju put her arms round her husband. She had never been so happy in her life. She felt him stiffen involuntarily. "What's wrong?" she asked surprised.

"Nothing," he said. "Just the exhaustion of travel I suppose."

"Getting old, aren't you?" she teased affectionately.

He laughed with her. He was only twenty-seven years old. She was twenty-two. Their life was just beginning. He lay down on the bed. She stretched out beside him. Sarbjit felt a vague physical discomfort, but he did not tell her about it. Maybe it would pass after a night's rest, he thought. When he got married, his experienced male friends had warned him about the draining of physical energy. Perhaps he had been driving himself too hard.

Presently, he heard his wife's even breathing and knew she was asleep. He shut his eyes, but the discomfort persisted. He rose and went into the bathroom. It was close on midnight. Suddenly he realised he had no energy to stand. He felt drained and dizzy. The floor seemed to sway. He was alarmed then, knowing that this was not the normal exhaustion he had supposed. He wanted to call Manju, but no sound came from his throat. He dragged himself to the bed, holding on to the bathroom door and the bedroom walls for support. By the time he reached it, he was bathed in perspiration. He could not even climb on the bed, and just threw himself across it before the blackness hit him. The jerk awakened Manju.

She switched on the light. His eyes were glazed and unseeing. His mouth worked, but no sound came. She screamed and ran out of the room to wake her in-laws. Within minutes the room was full of anxious relatives. Manju watched with horror as Sarbjit gave a spasmodic jerk and retched out blood on the pillow.

Sarbjit's mother Satwant stared in shock. Manju was paralysed by fear. It was M.S. Dhingra, Sarbjit's father, who went into the hall and phoned the doctor, telling him quickly the symptoms.

Within minutes the doctor arrived and examined Sarbjit. His blood pressure had shot up to 240/180. His abnormal pulse and death-like pallor left no room for doubt.

"You'll have to rush him to hospital," said the doctor with quiet authority. "He's critical." As the women filed out of the room, the doctor turned and whispered to Sarbjit's father, "Be prepared for the worst." Manju heard the dire words, but did not give up hope. Like a crazed refrain she kept muttering to herself, "Oh God, he must live, he must live."

Medical facilities in a small town like Saharanpur were inadequate. Downstairs, Manju heard the car engine revved up for the journey to Delhi. Sarbjit was eased gently in a lying position into the back seat of the car. His father got in with him staring at the two women standing in the darkness.

"Wait," said Manju. "I'm coming with you."

They reached Delhi at 0700 hours. Medical specialists and neuro-surgeons gathered round Sarbjit's bed. . . Lumber puncture was carried out. An angiograph taken by the neuro-surgeon showed that Sarbjit was suffering from cerebral haemorrhage. The medical specialist did a tracheotomy. They all reached one conclusion. Only a miracle could save Sarbjit's life. As far as medical history went, very few people in this critical condition had survived.

For days Sarbjit lay in a coma. Relatives and friends came, enquired after his condition and left. Manju's parents flew down from Bombay. They could not recognise this pale creature with haunted eyes who hovered round Sarbjit's bed.

She bore only a ghost of a resemblance to the lovely daughter they had married off with such pomp a few short months ago. Manju fell into her mother's arms and wept bitterly.

As weeks passed, she seemed to lose all interest in life. Sometimes she just sat by Sarbjit's bedside and stared at the inert figure of her husband. She had lost her appetite and was given to brooding, vacant spells when she had no awareness of her surroundings or the people around her.

An uncle of hers took her mother aside one day and said, "There seems to be no use Manju hanging around the hospital. She is only ruining her health with the tension. Take her home with you. I am afraid for her mind."

But when her mother suggested it to her, Manju said adamantly, "You go home, mother. I will wait for Sarbjit to wake up." When she saw the determination in Manju's eyes, her mother knew she could never get her to leave.

Manju came every day to Sarbjit's bed in the Intersive Care Unit and asked the doctors, "Has my husband woken up?"

They would only shake their heads sadly, pitying the poor, suffering girl. Sarbjit lay in a coma, dead to the world, subsisting on a drip.

Then suddenly, two and a half months later, on the morning of December 4, Sarbjit opened his eyes. When the neuro-surgeon said, "Your husband has regained consciousness, come with me," Manju could not believe her ears.

She followed him in a daze. Before they entered, he cautioned her, "He may not be completely normal, so don't be shocked."

"What do you mean?" Manju asked.

"I cannot discount the possibility of brain damage. We will have to test all his faculties."

"If he is alive, it is enough," Manju said fervently. But then she was afraid again. What if he had turned into a vegetable with no brain activity? Was this preferable to death?

The neuro-surgeon took Manju to Sarbjit's bedside and asked him, "Do you know who she is?"

Manju stared at Sarbjit apprehensively, fearing, hoping.

But Sarbjit didn't speak. Instead he began to weep like a child. The tears flowed down his cheeks uncontrolled. She was alarmed, but the neuro-surgeon was smiling.

"He's out of danger now," he said confidently. "The very fact that he's crying means he has recognised you. It is a normal occurrence and a clear sign of recovery. Stay with him."

She sat down close to him and put her hand over his. Her heart was so full she could not trust herself to speak without sobbing aloud. But the silent communion between them was more meaningful than any words. At last she found her tongue. "You will be all right now," she said. "I know it." He tried to speak but his mouth contorted wildly and only a gurgle ensued. His right lid drooped low. Then she knew that he had suffered paralysis on the right side. The doctor had kept it from her.

Recovery was slow and protracted. Manju, in the initial months, encountered a massive psychological barrier in her efforts to help Sarbjit. He was often morose and taciturn, not speaking a word for hours on end. At other times he would dissolve without provocation into a flood of tears, weeping like a child. He could not accept the fact that he was a cripple at twenty-seven, cutting short a glorious career in the Indian Air Force and ruining the life of a young woman of twenty-two.

"It is just shock," said the doctor, "and frayed nerves. He will get over it. But you, as his wife will have to bear the entire brunt of it."

Manju was prepared for everything. "I wanted him back," she said. "And now that I have him, I will make him fight for normalcy."

To cheer him up, Manju would often take him out of the hospital ward in a wheel chair, propped up with pillows at the back and sides. From the veranda he could look down and see people walking below, visitors treading the corridors and patients better off than he taking a stroll on the grounds. But all these only served to throw his tragedy into sharper relief. Would the Air Force keep him now, he wondered. If they discharged him, who would look after him and Manju? True, Manju could take up a job, but would he want a young woman of twenty-two to spend the rest of her life nursing an invalid like him? The more he thought, the more overwhelmed he became with self-pity. Instead of improving he was sliding deeper and deeper into a morass of depression of his own making. Manju didn't know what to do.

She put her problem to the neuro-surgeon. Was there no way in which Sarbjit could improve? The doctor said he would talk to him. They had done everything for him that was medically possible. The only cure now had to come from within. Unless Sarbjit himself wanted to fight back to normalcy nobody could help him. One day the neuro-surgeon sat with him and said, "When are you going home?"

"How can I go home?" asked Sarbjit helplessly, "when I can't use my limbs?"

"Have you tried?" asked the doctor.

"I am paralysed, am I not?"

"Sitting there and saying so isn't going to help. Stop being defeatist! Do you know there have been people who have lost both arms and both legs and have yet learnt to write with their mouth?"

Sarbjit was amazed.

"Be thankful for what you still have," said the doctor, "instead of brooding on your misfortune. You have eyesight, speech, memory, hearing and mental faculties, all intact. Are you going to waste all these?"

These words had an almost hypnotic effect on him.

The next day, Sarbjit told his wife, "Get me a paper and pencil. I want to try writing with my left hand." With his new resolve he was gradually doing everything with his left arm — eating, dressing himself, brushing his hair. Manju watched the change with joy.

"Why don't you try to walk?" asked Manju hopefully.

But when he stood up, he almost lost his balance. He sat down again, dejected.

The next day a strange-looking contraption was standing outside his room. When Manju wheeled him out into the corridor, he looked at it and asked, "What is that?"

"A walking machine," she said. "It will help exercise your left leg, too."

He stared at it dubiously, then realised she was right. He had been almost born again. He had to learn every motor activity from scratch, like a child did. Even functions like swallowing had returned painfully to him. Walking was even more complicated.

Thereafter he started on such a busy schedule of learning to be mobile that he had hardly any time to brood over his misfortune. A physiotherapist came daily to rub life back into his limbs.

By April 1970, he could take a few steps without support. And though progress was painfully slow, and he had to shuffle and drag his right limb like an old man, he looked at Manju with a new hope in his eyes.

"You're walking, Sarbjit," she said with tears of joy.

Finally, at the end of April, Manju and Sarbjit took their much delayed holiday in Bombay, but for Manju it was not just a visit to her parents. It was an important mission. Sarbjit had been granted sick leave to undergo further treatment at the All-India Institute of Physical Rehabilitation and Medicine.

His sojourn at the Institute completely changed his outlook on life. Here he actually saw the physical afflictions that the neuro-surgeon in Delhi had only spoken about. Sarbjit watched young children who couldn't even turn from side to side. He met paraplegics, paralysed below the neck, much more cheerful than him. He saw women wheel in sons deformed from birth with twisted arms and useless legs. He saw a deaf girl painfully learn to produce one syllable by watching her teacher's lips. Compared with them, he realised his handicap was nothing. He could move about with the help of a stick.

September saw him back in Delhi at the Jawaharlal Nehru Institute of Physical Rehabilitation. Here he improved further with regular physiotherapy and a boundless resolve to walk. When he was out after an eight-week course he had recovered enough to enable him to rejoin duty, but the physiotherapy had to continue at home.

Today, ten years later, he is thankful to God for his many blessings — the love of a devoted wife who saw him through his second birth, two sons, Sonu and Monu, the ground job in the Indian Air Force. His only regret was that he depended on others to drive him to work or to the market. If he got a car, so modified that he could work the controls with his left hand and left foot, his troubles would end, he thought wistfully.

And now, he has such a modified car and life is near normal for him again.

THE WINNING COLLECTION

fashion features which will enable you to win a wardrobe from the most popular and exclusive boutiques of Delhi and Bombay —
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Photographs : Taiyeb Badshah

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4

THE WINNING COLLECTION

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THE STORY SO FAR

ONE: Aldona Mayhew was the only daughter of Roland Mayhew, who worked as accountant in Sebastian Thackeray Limited. His recent marriage to Barbara, with whom Aldona has not established rapport, had made her move out to a flat of her own. One day, on a visit to her father to tell him her engagement to Guy Stinton, another employee in the same firm, was broken off, she met Lionel Downs, an accountant in her father's office, sitting in the living room. Lionel told her in confidence that there was a shortfall of two thousand pounds in the company accounts and attributed the loss to her father. He then made her a proposition. If she agreed to go away to Malta with him for a fortnight, he would make good the missing sum and protect Roland Mayhew. Aldona agreed. In Malta, she met a young man called Zeb, who seemed to take more than a passing interest in her and Lionel.

Their first night together was a fiasco. Lionel Downs got dead drunk in the company of a pair of reprobates called Eddie and Rosie. He passed out in the bar, was carried to bed and was still out cold next morning. Aldona escaped gratefully to the beach, only to be confronted by an angry Zeb, who accused her of trying to pass off as Lionel's wife in the hotel register. He asked her how much she was being paid for her favours and said he could outbid Downs. Humiliated, Aldona fled to her room, only to find Lionel awake and demanding. Unable to stand his pawing, she told him she wanted out. He offered to let her go scot free if she paid him three thousand pounds. Escaping from his clutches, she sought refuge on the above and came face to face with Zeb, who arrogantly offered to buy her off for the amount. The two cheques Zeb gave her were dutifully handed by her to Downs and she moved into Zeb's room to find herself in a worse predicament. A migrane attack saved her from Zeb's overtures. When she woke next morning, Zeb was not in the room. Taking advantage of this opportunity, she escaped from the hotel and took a plane to London.

On a Sunday evening, Downs appeared to tell her that the two cheques Zeb had given her had been stopped. If she didn't give him three thousand pounds by the midnight of Tuesday, her father would be exposed. Aldona's only alternative was to warn her father of impending trouble. She went there with the idea, but found Zeb sitting with Roland Mayhew! Making some excuse, she escaped from the house, but was pursued by Zeb in his car. As he drove her to her flat she learnt from him that Lionel Downs was his step-father, whom he had pursued to Malta with the intention of making Aldona co-respondent in a divorce case! She got another shock when Zeb revealed his full name — Sebastian Thackeray, her father's employer. In her flat, intimacy developed between her and Zeb and she realised she was in love with him. But the deadline for the delivery of the three thousand pounds hung over her head. When she mentioned the prize, Zeb was violently angry and pushed her away in disgust.

NOW READ ON . . . .

ALDONA awoke the next morning and dragged herself out of bed, fully aware that the night had done nothing to carry away the heaviness of her thoughts. But thought of Zeb, his disgust with her, had to be forced into the background. Her uppermost worry was that she could delay no longer than tonight to tell her father, that at some time in the near future, maybe as early as tomorrow, the matter he had thought was covered up, would be revealed to the auditors.

Unfortunately, Barbara rang her up at work to say Aldona would have to postpone her visit to them as Roland and she were going to the theatre to see a play. Aldona came home after school hours to an empty flat and was once again alone with her thoughts. At half past nine, she had run out of chores. Then salvation came with the sound of someone knocking at the door. Debbie from the flat below come up for a chat she thought. But it wasn't Debbie who stood there, as she flung the door open with a welcoming smile stamped on her features.

"Oh," she exclaimed in surprise. It was Zeb.

Aldona could hear her heart pounding in her ears as she looked at him. The disgust he had felt for her last night was not in evidence.

"I need to get you out of my system," he told her bluntly. "If the only way to do that is to part with three thousand, then yes, I am prepared to pay." He came in and opened his briefcase. Her eyes grew wide as she saw the neat bundles of currency notes there, her heart setting up a terrific hammering as she offered her startled eyes to his. To keep from trembling, she offered to make coffee. Then as he drank it, she told him she had a phone call to make downstairs.

"I'll come with you," he said smoothly, putting his cup down.

"There's no need. The phone's on the ground floor."

She stood up only to find Zeb had risen, too. "You ran out on me once before," he reminded her. "I'm sure you won't mind if I cover my money with a little insurance." He held her arm and let her down to the telephone.

At the pay telephone on the ground floor, she dialled the number Downs had given. The last digit hadn't completed its journey back before the receiver was taken out of her hand violently and slammed down. The next minute she was being hauled back to her flat by a raging Zeb. He had followed every digit she had dialled.

"Why?" he rasped, when they were both in the flat with the door closed. Just one word, but they both knew what he was asking. "I . . ." she began helplessly. "I . . . w . . wanted to tell him I had the money."

"You intend to pay him back his outlay?" he snapped.

"He's insisting that I do. I t-told you I'd seen him once since he came back. He called here asking for the money."

"Is he blackmailing you?" Zeb asked. His voice was quiet and controlled.

"He said if . . . If I didn't return the money by tonight, then tomorrow morning he would tell my father I'd been away with him."

"So, it is blackmail," he said, his tone hardening.

"Please, Zeb," she begged, "let me make that phone call."

"We'll do more than that," he said, going over to the table and picking up his briefcase full of notes. "Well deliver it personally."

"Oh, but . . ." she began to protest. He caught her purposefully by the arm and led her down to the car.

Aldona's thoughts were jumpled as Zeb drove in the direction of his mother's house. Once there, he left her to chat with his mother while he went to Lionel in the study to conduct the dirty business.

Once the two young people were back in the car together and speeding away, Zeb said significantly, "Any debt you owed him is now cleared — your outstanding debt now belongs to me."

She looked out of the window at the unfamiliar streets.

"This isn't . . ." she began, afraid. "Where are you going? My flat doesn't lie this way."

Zeb didn't answer straight away. Then he said calmly, "I thought we'd go to my place."

From then on, she said not one word and after what seemed like hours of driving, he stopped.

"Breconshire," he told her briefly. "Move." She got out. The cottage had a charm all of its own — not fussy and ostentatious, but with an air of warmth.

"No one's likely to find us here," he said, following her train of thought. "We don't want to be disturbed, do we?"

The first thing that caught her notice when she entered the house was her suitcase she had last seen atop the wardrobe of his hotel room in Malta. It had never entered her head that he would bring it back with his own luggage.

"You won't be needing very many clothes while you're here," he taunted. "What you have in there should be more than adequate."

She flared pink in embarrassment.

PART FOUR

PRICE TO BE MET

Jessica Steele

(Published by Mills and Boon Limited, London, Australian Copyright Jessica Steele 1980)

Distributed by the Macmillan Co., Ltd., of India.

"Blushes?" he queried, his voice showing a slight puzzlement.

"I'm not blushing," she lied. "It's hot in here."

"It is warm," he agreed. "I left a message with Mrs. Field, the woman who looks after the place for me, to come and put the heating on."

"It wasn't a split second decision to bring me here then," she said, "you had it all planned?"

Zeb didn't answer. He didn't need to.

He escorted her into what she thought must be the main bedroom, and when her heartbeats quickened, he looked at her. "Do you want any help getting into bed?" he asked.

"No." The choked word came quickly as she recalled the other time in Malta when he had put her in bed after the migrane attack.

SUDDENLY HE WITHDREW. THE LIGHT WAS SWITCHED ON AND HE STOOD LOOKING DOWN AT HER. "ALL RIGHT," HE SAID. "I GOT YOUR MESSAGE LOUD AND CLEAR."

She had been in bed awhile, with the bedclothes pulled up to her chin, when he came into the room. His eyes didn't miss a thing. "Your face is flushed," he said, "and your eyes wide. Do I go and fetch the asprin?"

Sarcasm she could do without. "I haven't a headache if that's what you mean," she said. She thought some other comment might be coming her way, but he went to the light switch and plunged the room in darkness. Then he was getting into bed beside her.

Whether the fact that she was trembling had got through to him she had no idea, but there was no sign of roughness or harshness in him. His kiss when it came was gentle, his hands not urgent at her waist. And yet loving him as she did, something inside her was making her hold back. She was unaware she was crying, till Zeb moved his hand, to stroke the side of her face.

"Why the tears?" he asked. His voice sounding thick and rough.

"I don't know," she answered honestly. "Don't make it horrible for me, please, Zeb — please stay gentle."

"Make it horrible for you?" He didn't understand her plea.

He felt her stiffen as he put his arms around her.

"Stop holding back, Aldona," he said, roughly. 'You're going to be mine."

"No . . . no," she screamed, trying to scratch at him. "I can't!"

Had it been in mutual love, she would have rushed to give him his desire, but quick came the thought. He has bought her by paying for the privilege. It made her no better than a lady of the oldest profession and she just couldn't do it with the man she loved.

She was crying in earnest as she broke away from him.

"Don't!" she cried, her voice sounding strangely high-pitched in her ears, "I can't bear it. Not with you. Not with you."

Suddenly, he withdrew. The light was switched on and he stood looking down at her. "All right," he said. "I got your message, loud and clear. You can't bear me to touch you, can you?"

She looked at him, helplessly. How could she bare her heart when for him she was only a tool of pleasure?

"Dry your eyes," he ordered, and his voice sounded cruel. Then while she could only sit there, her eyes large and moist, he went out of the room and sounding on her door. Zeb might closed the door.

She didn't want to face him again at day-break. Early the next morning, she made her way to the local village and hopped a lift back to town with the woman who did the chores in Zeb's cottage. Mrs. Field asked no questions. Maybe, she was used to his having girls up here Aldona thought with dismal regret.

For the next couple of days after she got back to her flat, Aldona lived in dread of a knock sounding on her door. Zeb might be back in London by now. She had thought he would lose no time in coming to say his piece. But as evening followed evening and there was no sign of him, she began to realise he would not be calling.

One evening, two weeks later, she had just returned from work when the door bell rang. It was not Zeb as she had expected. It was her father.

"Dad!" she exclaimed. He came into the flat and closed the door.

"What's wrong?" she asked. Something was wrong, she knew

Continued on pge 49

What should you think of whenever you think of J&N?

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The best paints you can buy.

Jenson & Nicholson

Two words that spell trust, two words that mean the best.

INGREDIENTS: The Right Way

BANANAS

Pramila Lal

Banana — that most versatile fruit — can be eaten raw, baked or cooked in a number of sweet and savoury preparations. Not only the fruit, but the flower, stem, stalk and leaves of the banana plant can also be incorporated in cooking. The only fruit available all the year round, you don't have to worry about it not being available.

Select the right type of banana for baking and cooking. For eating, the best variety is the brown flecked. Bananas that are sightly green at the ends are best for cooking. Plain, long, yellow ones, which are lightly over-ripe and squashy are marvellous for baking.

We suggest a number of new and exciting dishes, several of which are savoury.

Photograph : Taiyeb Badshah

BANANA FLOWER VADAI

200 grams Bengal gram dal
1 small banana flower
2 medium onions
10 green chillis
½ coconut, grated
½ inch piece ginger
1 bunch coriander leaves
3 sprigs curry leaves
Salt to taste
Ghee for frying

Soak the dal in water for two to three hours. Drain and grind roughly, together with chopped ginger and green chillis. Add the chopped onions, grated coconut, chopped coriander leaves, chopped curry leaves and salt. Mix well. Chop the banana flower finely. Mix well into the dal mixture. Form into small balls. Flatten and deep fry on medium heat till the vadais turn a golden brown.

BANANA FLOWER CURRY

1 bunch banana flowers

¾ cup tur and Bengal gram dal (mixed)
3 dry red chillis
½ tsp. turmeric
½ tsp. asafoetida
½ tsp. mustard seeds
1 tsp. udad dal
3 tbsps. coconut oil
Salt to taste

Soak the mixed dals for about half an hour. Peel off the outer petals of the banana flower bunch. Remove the hard stick-like core from the centre of the little flowers. Now dice the remainder of the stalk and the little flowers. Boil these with a pinch of turmeric and salt. Strain and cool. Grind the soaked dal with red chillis and salt. Make this paste into balls and steam, or boil gently, for ten to fifteen minutes. Fry the mustard seeds in the coconut oil. Add udad and the dal balls. Stir gently. When the balls are brown, add the cooked banana flowers and asafoetida. Mix well. This curry should have very little gravy.

CHUTNEY POMFRET

2 pomfrets (cut each into 3 pieces)
Banana leaves for wrapping
Juice of 2 lemons
2 tbsps. ghee
Salt to taste

GRIND TO PASTE:

½ coconut, grated
1 bunch coriander leaves
4 green chillis
1 inch piece fresh ginger
1 tsp. cummin seeds
1 onion
1 tsp. sugar

Clean the fish and wash in plenty of salt water. Drain and cut into slices. Keep aside. Cut the banana leaves into pieces large enough to completely cover each piece of fish. Cover each piece of fish with the masala and wrap in banana leaf. Secure with string so that the masala does not ooze out.

Grease a baking dish and place the fish pieces in it. Heat the ghee and pour over the pieces. Place in a medium oven and turn every ten minutes until the fish is cooked. Serve hot.

CANDIED BANANA

3 cups bananas, cubed
1½ cups water
1 cup brown sugar
2 tbsps. lemon juice or drops of vanilla essence

Caramalise the sugar and water by cooking for ten minutes. Add lemon or vanilla flavouring. Put in the bananas and stir gradually until banana pieces are thoroughly coated with the syrup. Cool and serve. Can be stored in an airtight jar for a few days.

BANANA BREAD

1 cup sugar
½ cup oil or margarine
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups ripe bananas, mashed
1 tsp. lemon juice
2 cups sifted flour
3 tsps. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
½ cup nuts, chopped

Cream together the margarine and sugar. Add eggs. Sift together the flour, the baking powder and salt. Blend into the banana mixture. Stir in the nuts and pour into a greased pan. Bake in a moderate oven for fifteen minutes.

BANANA CABBAGE ROLLS

1 cup minced pork
Cabbage leaves
3 unripe bananas, grated and boiled
1 onion, sliced finely
4-5 cloves, finely chopped
2 tomatoes
½ carrot, chopped
1 tbsp. raisins
2 green chillis, chopped
Lard
1 tsp. Worcestershire sauce
Little oil
1 tbsp. cornstarch
Salt and pepper

Plunge the cabbage leaves in boiling water to soften. Drain and keep aside. Saute the onion, chillis, garlic and tomato in a little oil. Add meat, carrots and sauce. Cook till meat is tender and mix in the raisins and bananas. Mix cornstarch with cabbage stock and add to the meat mixture. Cook till done. Season. Place a spoonful of the mixture on cabbage leaves and roll. Place in a casserole. Pour half cup of white sauce or cheese sauce and bake on grill till done.

PHILLIPINO BANANA SAVCIADO

1 medium sized chicken
6 medium sized bananas
3 onions, finely chopped
1½ tbsps. garlic, chopped
1 cup tomatoes, chopped
2 tbsps. flour
Salt and pepper to taste

Clean chicken and cut into desired pieces. Add seasoning to flour and roll chicken pieces in flour. Fry chicken in a little hot lard till lightly browned and set aside. Saute garlic, onions and tomatoes and put in the chicken pieces. Cook till tender. Add bananas cut in cubes and cook till done.

BANANA AND GREEN PEA SOUP

1 cup semi-ripe banana, diced
½ cup ham, chopped
1 cup peas, shelled
2 cups water
1 small onion
2 small potatoes, minced
1 tbsp. butter
1 egg yolk
Salt and pepper to taste

Cook the peas till tender, drain and save about two cups of water. Press peas through a fine sieve and discard the skins. Brown the onions in butter, in a a saucepan. Add water from peas, sieved peas, bananas, ham and sliced potatoes. Season to taste and bring to a boil. Simmer till potatoes are well blended. Stir in beaten egg yolk and serve.

BANANA SPLIT

FOR BANANA SPLIT:

1 banana per person
Vanilla ice cream
2 tbsps. cream per person
Chopped nuts, as required

FOR THE MELBA SAUCE:

1/8 litre raspberry puree
4 tbsps. red currant jelly
90 grams sugar
2 tsps. arrowroot or cornflour
1 tbsp. cold water

MELBA SAUCE:

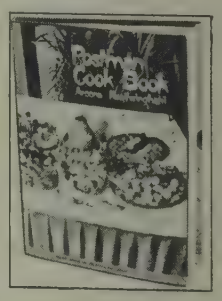
Mix together the fruit puree, jelly and sugar and heat till the mixture comes to a boil. Blend the arrowroot or cornflour with the water and stir in. Cook till the mixture thickens and clears, stirring constantly with a wooden spoon. Strain and cool.

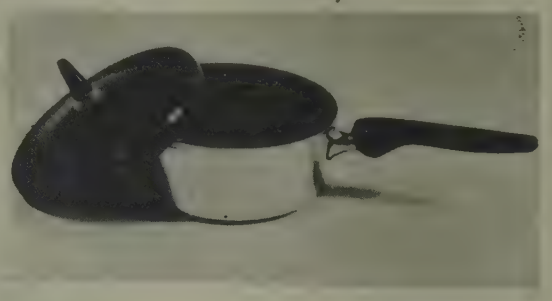
Split the bananas lenghthwise. Top each with a helping of ice cream. Cover with melba sauce. Garnish with nuts and cream.

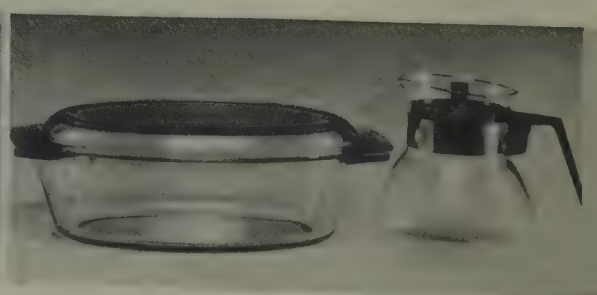
NEW GIFTS FOR OUR COOKERY WINNERS

The Cookery Queen for the month of October will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100:

1) A non-stick coated Saucepan from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A Gift Hamper from CORN PRODUCTS, containing Brown and Polson Custard Powder, Rex Baking Powder and Davis Gelatine, 3) An oval Casserole set and a 4-cup Carafe or cash equivalent from BOROSIL GLASS WORKS LIMITED, 4) A 5.5 litres Sainik Pressure Cooker from EVERGREEN TRADES AND AGENCIES, Bombay and 5) A Postman Cook Book from AHMED MILLS, Bombay.







RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Miss Smita Chawla, Baroda.

BROKEN WHEAT PULLAO WITH SPINACH BALLS

FOR THE PULLAO:

250 grams broken wheat
125 grams green gram dal
30 grams green peas
75 grams curds
75 grams cashewnuts
50 grams raisins
3 medium size potatoes
3 carrots
4 onions
½ coconut, grated
5 cloves
5 green chillis
2 cinnamon sticks, broken
2 tsps. red chillis powder
3 big tomatoes
Salt
½ tsp. mustard seeds
Oil
A sprig coriander leaves

FOR THE SPINACH BALLS:

2 bunches spinach
100 grams Bengal gram flour
3 green chillis, chopped
2 tsps. garam masala
½ tsp. turmeric powder
1 tsp. red chilli powder
Salt to taste
Oil

Soak the dal for one hour in hot water, drain and keep aside. Peel and cut the potatoes. Chop two onions and carrots into long pieces. Par boil the green peas. Blanch the tomatoes and extract the pulp. Mix together the two grated onions, coconut and chopped green chillis. Add little water to this mixture and extract thick juice from this mixture. Make a smooth paste from the remaining coarse mixture.

Heat oil. Splutter the cloves and cinnamon. Add onions. When brown, add the broken wheat, dal, thick tomato juice, red chilli powder, carrots, peas, potatoes, for garam masala, salt, curds and fry for three to four minutes.

Now separate this mixture into two cooker separators.

FOR THE BALLS:

Wash and clean the spinach leaves. Boil in water for ten minutes. Drain. Mash spinach and mix with all the ingredients except oil. Form into a dough and divide this dough into small balls. Put these balls in the third separator. Pressure cook the contents of the separators for about fifteen to twenty minutes. Remove and cool. Open and remove the spinach balls. Fry the cashewnuts in oil and keep aside. Splutter the mustard seeds. Add to it the spinach balls. Fry till brown.

When serving, put the pullao in a rice platter. Arrange spinach balls. Garnish with fried cashewnuts, raisins, grated coconut and coriander leaves. Serve hot with curd.

Mrs. Radha Venkataraman, Calicut.

THE COMPLETE MEAL CAKE

2 cups broken wheat
1 cup green gram dal
100 grams green peas
250 grams carrots
200 grams onions
50 grams raisins
75 grams cashewnuts
2 tsps. mustard seeds
¼ tsp. turmeric
4 tbsps. ghee
A small lemon sized ball tamarind
1 bunch coriander leaves
6 cups water
1 lemon
Salt to taste

FOR THE MASALA: .

½ cup coconut, grated
4 green chillis
1 inch piece ginger
2 tsps. asafoetida
1 tsp. cummin seeds
25 grams Bengal gram, roasted

Pick and clean the broken wheat and dal. Roast lightly. Keep aside. Extract juice from tamarind using one cup of water. Add five more cups of water to the extract.

Grind to a rough paste all the masala ingredients using very little water. Heat ghee and add mustard seeds. When it splutters, add the chopped onions and fry till translucent. Add the chopped nuts, raisins and the ground masala paste. Stir well on slow fire till the ghee leaves the sides. Add this fried mixture to the vessel containing tamarind. Also add the fried wheat and dal, turmeric and salt to taste and stir well.

Cook under pressure for six minutes. Meanwhile, boil peas, grate carrots and chop the coriander leaves. Release the pressure and empty the hot content onto a greased flat serving dish. Flatten the mixture uniformly.

Decorate the sides and top generously with grated carrot, boiled peas and chopped coriander. A squeeze of lime before serving enhances flavour. Cut into chunks and serve.

WEEKLY WINNER

SULOCHANA ASWATH, Bangalore.

Mrs. Aswath wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 9 cup Storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Corn Products, a utility dish and a 2-cup Carafe or cash equivalent from Borosil Glass Works and a cook book from Ahmed Mills, Bombay.

METHI SAAG BHAAT

6 bunches fenugreek leaves
½ kg rice
1 bunch coriander leaves
2 tbsps. poppy seeds
11 green chillis
½ coconut, grated
2 large onions
8/10 cloves garlic, flaked
Juice of 1 large or 2 small lemons
4 tbsps. refine oil
1 tbsp. ghee
1 tsp. mustard seeds
1 tsp. turmeric powder
A pinch asafoetida
Salt to taste

Soak the poppy seeds in water for half an hour. Grind to a fine paste the soaked poppy seeds, coconut, green chillis, coriander leaves, onion and garlic. Wash and cut the fenugreek leaves finely. Mix this to the washed rice. Heat oil in the cooker body. When hot, add mustard seeds, turmeric powder and asafoetida. When the mustard begins to splutter put in fenugreek, rice and masala mixture. Put salt and one tablespoon ghee. Stir well. Pressure cook till done. Cool and remove. Pour lemon juice. Mix well and serve hot with ghee and onion raita.

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Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.

2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.

3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

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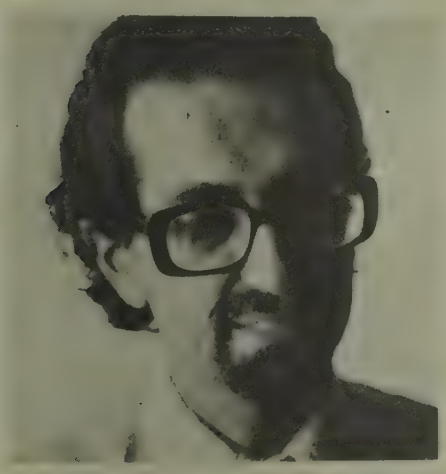
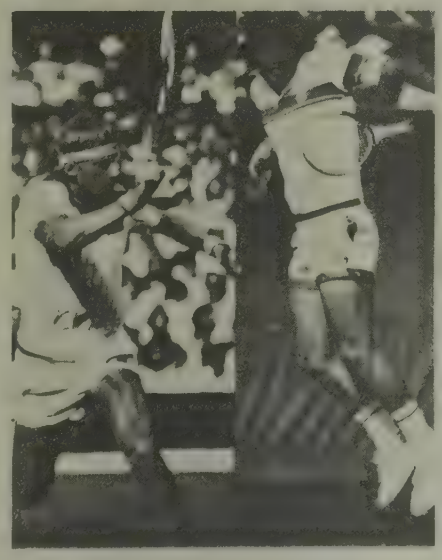
PEOPLE KNOWN AND

Bombay's famous TV and ad personality, **Gerson da Cunha,** has made a difficult though exhilarating decision at the age of 50. He is off to Brazil for five years on a UNICEF project to promote breast feeding in that country. According to him, Brazil is losing 400 million dollars a year buying expensive food formulae for children. Da Cunha plans to hammer home the species specific theory to expectant mothers. For instance, whale milk is good for baby whales because its high fat and protein content helps the baby whale to immediately adapt itself to icy water. Similarly, rabbit milk is good for baby rabbits, as it contains certain ingredients to help them double their weight within a specific period. So it stands to reason that human milk is best for human babies! With Gerson da Cunha out of Bombay, his place as chief of Lintas is being filled by his deputy, another famous and talented personality in the art world, **Alyque Padamsee.** A pioneer of the audio-visual medium in the country, Padamsee is the creator of several well-known campaigns for international accounts like Citibank, Mansfield Tyres, Rin and Incremin. He is also communication consultant to the World Wildlife Fund and the Indian Cancer Society. With two decades in Lintas, those in the advertising world feel that Padamsee richly deserves his promotion.



* * *

The unbelievable has happened. Tennis king **Bjorn Borg** (24) was defeated in one of the most prestigious bouts, the US Open Men's Singles Championship by a brash, rude, anti-hero, 21-year-old **John McEnroe** of the United States. In a breathless four-hour, 25-minute struggle, McEnroe, who incidentally is the seventh straight left-hander to win the Open title, bashed his way to victory. The 20,000 pro-Borg crowd cheered the icy Swede since he has almost always played his best in adverse circumstances, but it just wasn't his day. At the end of his defeat, perennial gentleman that he is, Borg said: "He was too tough for me. But we'll have some great matches in the future, and I'll be back for sure to try to win the Open." Even McEnroe had to concede: "He's still the number one player in the world." The burly New Yorker had once again earned the enmity of his home town crowd by berating officials and smashing balls in anger when points went against him.



What happened to all that unnecessary hoo-ha about Indianism and patriotism from the Amritrajs? When news reports linked Vijay Amritraj with Farrah Fawcett Majors, Papa Robert Amritraj promptly shot off a telegram to the press that his son would be allowed to marry only an Indian and that also in Madras. Now we hear the same Papa has given permission to eldest son **Anand Amritraj** to marry Italian **Helen Guarneri,** who is currently doing her Ph.D.

in English Literature in New York. Anand and Helen met at a world team tennis tournament in New York and have been in love with each other for the past five years.

Helen visited the senior Amritrajs in Madras recently, where she was taught to make idli and dosai for her sweetheart, and has learnt to accept the Indian way of life by wearing sarees and a tikka. But the main reason the Amritrajs gave their blessings is apparently because "above all Helen is deeply religious."

* * *

The Royal Academy of Dancing (RAD) in London is one of the most prestigious schools of ballet in the world, and the few Indian students who have qualified from that august school are naturally proud of their achievement. One of them is Bombay's **Tushna Dallas,** who has been training students in the city for the past 14 years. And that's not all; she's a Fellow of the Imperial Society of Teachers of Dancing and holds several other distinguished diplomas and degrees from London. Now thanks to the untiring efforts of the frail Tushna, the introduction of the teaching of classical ballet on the same lines as the Academy in Bombay is a landmark in the cultural history of the city. What is more, the RAD will send its examiner personally to Bombay to test Ms. Dallas' students.

UNKNOWN

Graham Shorrocks of Blackpool has the kind of hobby that wouldn't find favour at the dining table. He collects well-known tales about hotel food. Most people are familiar with stories about cat meat served in Chinese restaurants, or about the rat bone removed from the throat of a diner in a Munich restaurant after which frozen rats were found in the freezer, or the variant about a dead dog in the refrigerator, or of the woman who found gristle in her Indian restaurant meal and was then told by an analyst that it was a human finger. Since the restaurants concerned are always foreign, Mr. Shorrocks has come to the conclusion that they reflect the xenophobic attitude of the teller of the tall tales.

Lakshmi Narayan

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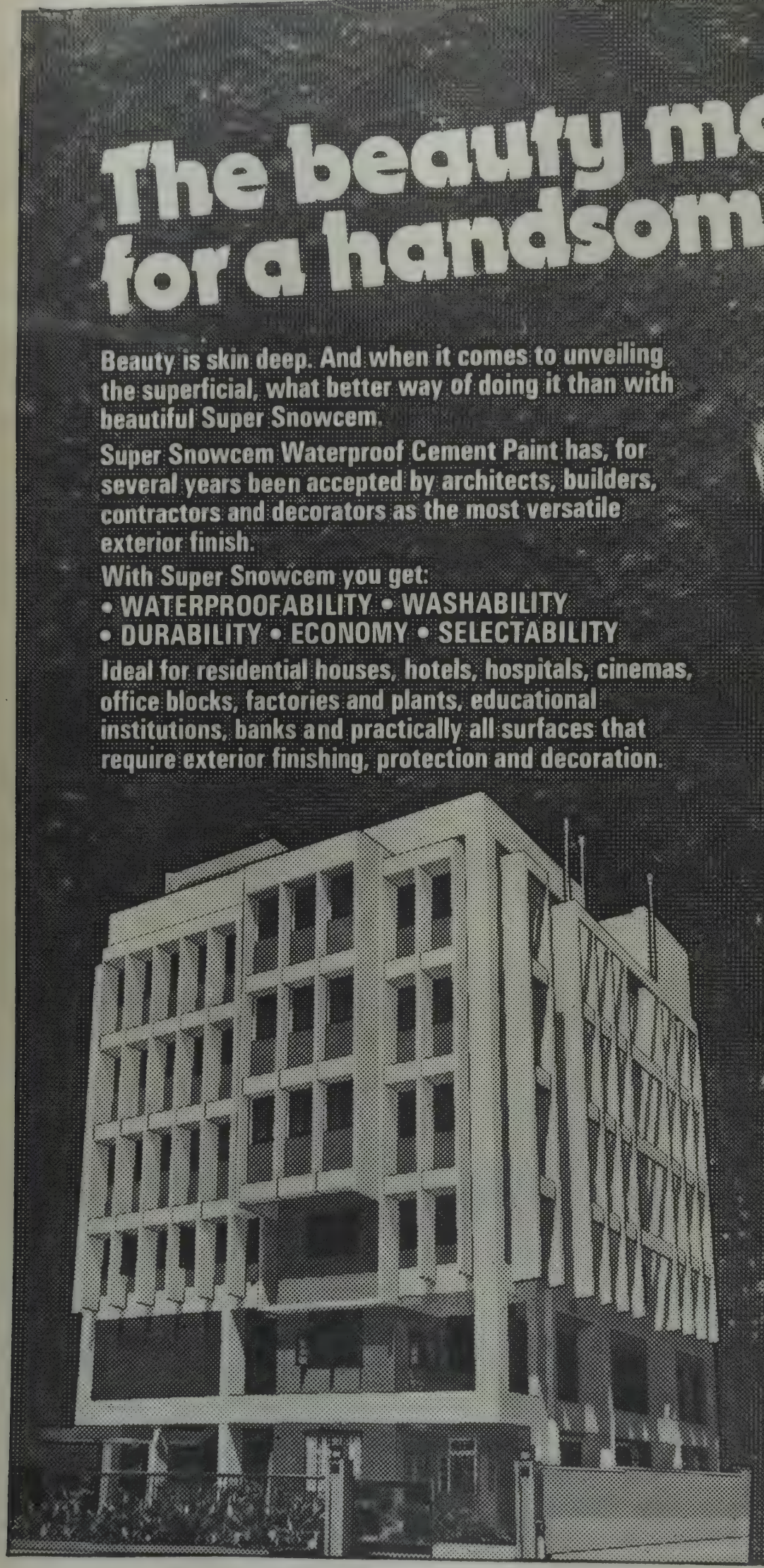

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THE STATELY HOME

Sushila Pontambekal

THERE was an avenue of poplars. I walked along it, every nerve tingling with an exquisite awareness, every sense alive to the new surroundings and the impressions these were making upon me. I took a deep breath. At this hour of the morning I am at my very best, full of a strange exhilaration, energy, the joy of a new day. Only a lark would understand my feelings. I was in a new place, a strange country, about which I had read and heard so much.

The composite whole of a human being is made up of the various influences and stimuli that impinge upon his consciousness since his first moments. Travel helps in shaping us just as imperceptibly as other influences. Now here I was, walking up this avenue, wondering with bated breath what adventure awaited me around the next bend. The grounds were extensive and impressive. Must be an Earl's house at the very least, I thought.

My cousin, whom I was visiting, had dropped me at the local church and promised to pick me up at what she called the park. All I had to do was walk a little down the road till I came to a petrol pump. Just short of the petrol pump I saw the chimneys of the edifice. Quite a lot of chimneys. Must be for all the smoke that was caused by the wood that was burnt in the old days when scurrying churls roasted all those wild boars and venison on spits. Well, there was still more than an hour to go and I could investigate the edifice.

I had finished my exploration of the Norman church sooner than I had thought I would (it simply didn't have enough graves). Somehow the locals didn't seem to be very keen on being buried in this particular graveyard, which was very disappointing for me, as I had hoped to glean at least one family history after my morning here. I had been in England now for a month and hadn't seen anything on my own. This looked like a good time to have an adventure and tell everyone.

I walked resolutely up the avenue. It was long and ended at an impressive portico. There was a door full twelve feet high. "Goodness me!" I thought looking at it with awe. Then I thrust my chin forward and pressed the bell.

The door was opened by an elderly individual with glasses and a receding hairline, rather thin and stooping, looking much as I thought a vicar ought to look. "I must say you're rather early. Looks like it's going to be a busy day. Funny how sometimes everyone chooses the same day to die. As though they're all rushing to a party up there, or down," he added as an afterthought, "wherever they're going," and he chuckled at his own macabre joke. I thought his manner rather odd to say the least. He ushered me into a sort of parlour. "Do sit down. Make yourself comfortable. What's the name, please?" I told him my name. "Hmm," he muttered, "I'll be back within minutes."

I EXPLAINED THAT I HAD TO GO URGENTLY — I'D BEEN GIVEN A JOB TO DO. "BY WHOM?" QUERIED MY COUSIN. "BY A GHOST," I ANSWERED

I settled down to wait. "I suppose he'll wait till there's one or two people more before taking us around," I told myself, and got out the book I had brought with me.

Ten minutes must have passed in this fashion when I heard a slight rustle. A very frail looking old lady with very white hair had entered the room. The impression of frailty was distinct but odd, because she was actually short and comfortably round as well. She was dressed in an old fashioned green silk dress with a hat covered with pink roses. "Good morning, dear," she whispered, "I'm Mrs. Beddoes." It must have been her manner that made me return the greeting in a whisper. She looked very anxious, and kept twisting and untwisting her hands. "I haven't much time," she said. "could you do me a favour? I hope you don't mind."

Her voice was almost beseeching. It was as though she laboured under some strain. Although surprised that she should wish to entrust a job to me, a complete stranger, I thought perhaps the urgency of the matter warranted it. There was something so pathetic about her that I was aroused to a strange pity. She handed me an envelope. "It's a letter which must be delivered in London this morning, by eleven-thirty at all cost. A great tragedy will be averted. I do not know how to thank you." I looked down at the letter. It was addressed to Lady Jane Sheldon, to be delivered at the church of St. Mary's-in-the-Fields.

When I looked up, the woman had disappeared. Strange, she just seemed to have vanished into nothing. Well, if the letter was urgent, I had better find out how to get to this place as fast as possible. St. Mary's-in-the-Fields. What an odd name for a church! I looked around. There was an office down the corridor. I went in. The woman behind the counter looked up owlishly.

"Good morning," I said. "Could you tell me where this place is?" I showed her the letter. "A lady named Mrs. Beddoes gave it to me just now in the room." I pointed down the corridor. "She said it was urgent."

"Mrs. Beddoes?" the woman asked, "there's no one of that name here."

I described her. "She was a little old lady in a green dress, very frail looking."

"Mavis, who could this be?" she called out to someone in the recess behind her. Mavis emerged from her recess. "Beddoes in a green dress? No, there's no

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CHAITRA-SS-1

THE STATELY HOME

one here like that. Unless. . . wait a minute. You can't mean..." Her voice trailed off in disbelief. "There can be only one Beddoes in a green dress, and that's the one we did this morning. Come to think of it, there was a letter in her pocket. I thought it was very odd."

The one at the counter had got up now, startled. "Oh no, dear, it couldn't be!" she exclaimed. They looked terrified now. I felt a strange prickle of apprehension up my spine. "Betty, she just couldn't have seen anyone like that," Mavis looked at the other one.

"But I did," I said vigorously. "A very angelic old lady in a hat covered with roses and a green dress."

"Good God!" they both shrieked, "you've been seeing things. That's the corpse we cremated just now."

"Cremated?" I asked.

They gave me a queer look. "Naturally," they said. "Looks like you don't know. This is a crematorium."

I sank into a chair, too overcome to speak. So this was my stately home of England! Thank heavens I hadn't blurted that out. That would have really torn it as far as my dignity was concerned. Those two would have had the laugh of their lives. I decided to get out of this place as fast as I could. Stately home indeed! A fine laughing stock I would have made of myself. I hurried out, to avoid any more explanations, just as the balding worthy who had let me in entered the room, to be greeted with a vociferous "Stan, she's been seeing things," pointing at me, "we're not staying here another minute with such goings ons."

I emerged from the gate to find a fuming cousin leaning against her car and looking around in perplexity. "So there you are!" she cried fixing me with a glance like a rapier. "Trust you to vanish and keep people in suspense."

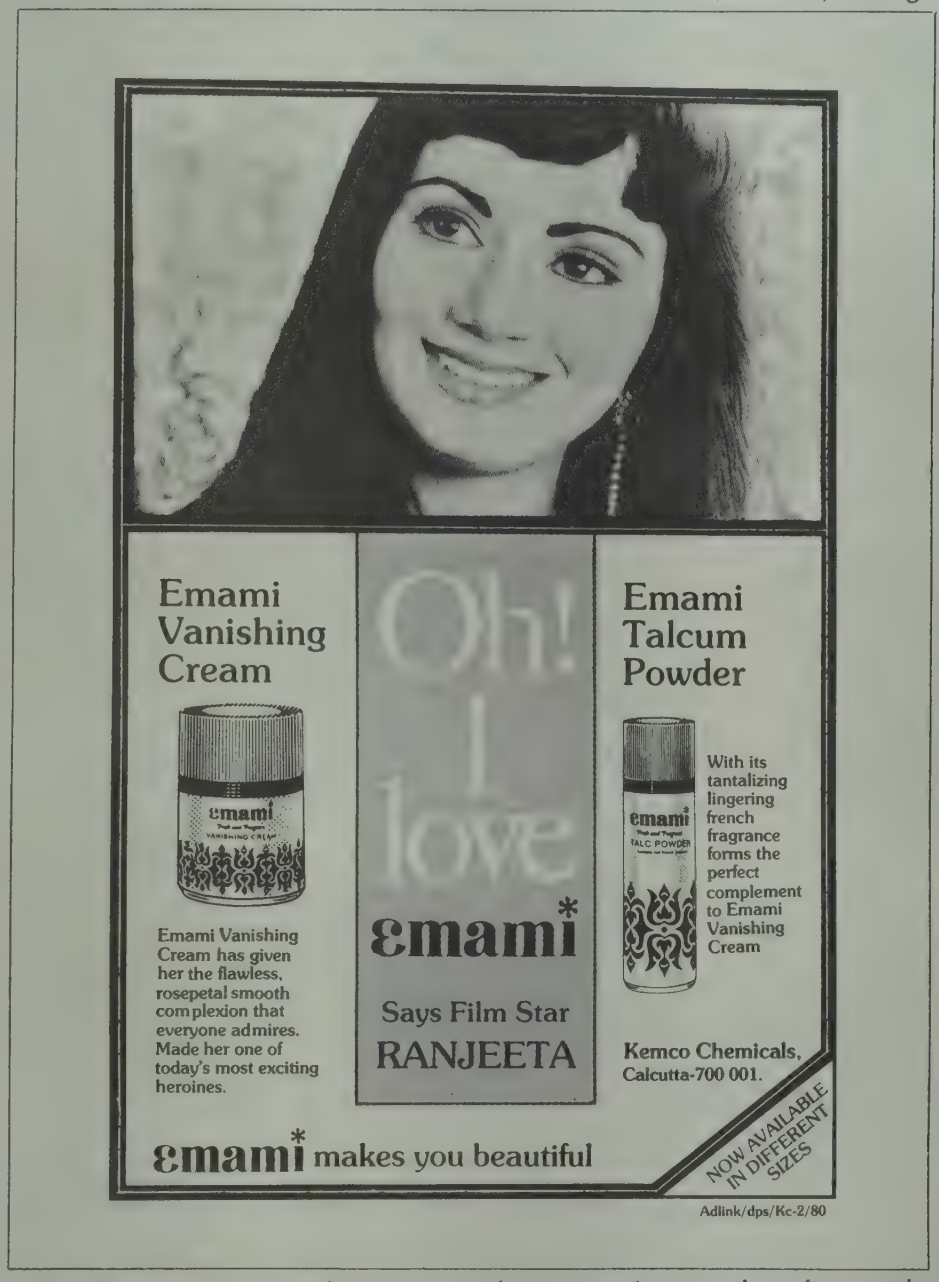
"Some park that!" There was heat in my reply. "Why on earth didn't you say it was a crematorium?"

"I was saving that up till later, she said, "till after I had heard your comments about the place. keep you guessing about it, I mean. Make you wonder a bit . . ."

"Well, all I know is the English do their dead mighty proud. Now step on it and lively," I snapped "we're going to Lor.don."

"London!" she gaped. "I've got a big list of operations for this afternoon."

I explained that we could come back by then, but now I had to go because I'd been given a job to do.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"By whom, may I ask?"

"By a ghost," I answered cryptically. Then I enlightened her. She was convinced when she saw the letter in my hand and the Betty and Mavis duo emerging hastily from the entrance, pulling on their coats and cramming on their hats as they did so.

"You can ask them. This is not a practical joke. And if we want to get there in time, we'll have to hurry," I said impatiently.

Eleven twenty-five by the watch. We are almost there. Whew! What a ride that had been up the Queen's highways! With a lot of glaring motorists in our wake. I could just imagine the choice expletives following us. Here we were. What a quaint church! But that was all the time for reflection I was allowed.

It looked like we were in the nick of time. The bride was just coming. It looked like a society wedding. Lots of diamonds, silk and satin. I approached a lady who looked like a marchioness, and showed her the letter. "It's very urgent. Could be a matter of life and death," I said, seeing the expression on her face and interpreting it correctly. How melodramatic I sounded! A matter of life and death — at a wedding! For all the world as if the bride were marrying Bluebeard. I showed her the addressee's name.

"There she is," she pointed at the bride who was just coming up the steps, "That's Lady Jane."

I hurried and intercepted her at the church door, handing her the envelope. "Excuse me, but it's very important — from a lady named Mrs. Beddoes," I said.

"Just a minute," she said to the man next to her as she opened it. I thought her manner for a bride, very queer. She seemed strangely indifferent and preoccupied, as if it wasn't her wedding at all, and the bridal glow was missing. Was I imagining things, or was there a marked change as soon as she had finished reading?

"Oh!" she said looking up. I stared in amazement. The eyes were now like beacons of joy, blazing with light, and yes, ecstacy. Just the way a bride should look. The letter had certainly made a difference. "Dear Nanny," she said. "I don't know if I can ever thank you enough. Did she give it to you?"

I gestured towards a side entrance and asked her if we could talk there. She excused herself from the company and followed me. Inside, in a quiet corner, I explained.

"So Nan came back from the dead to warn me," she said. "You've stopped me from making a terrible mistake. You see, Mrs. Beddoes was my Nanny. I'm Jane Sheldon, as you know. I was to have married Guy Radcliffe today. Mother was very keen that I marry him. He's very rich. Mother's like that. Guy was very persistent, so I thought perhaps it was the best thing. Though I wanted to marry Jeremy Brockhurst. We loved each other. But Mother told me Jeremy was my half-brother. She said Daddy had bad an affair with Jeremy's mother, Lady Brockhurst. I got a terrible shock when mother told me, and so did Jeremy. I had a breakdown, in fact. Then when I realised Jeremy was out of the question, I said yes to Guy. And now Nanny says that Lady Brockhurst hadn't even met my father when she had Jeremy. How could Mother? Was Guy's money so important? And to think he made it by selling porn, as Nanny says she has reliably learnt. It makes me wonder whether one can really know a person. No one told me about Nanny's death. It must have been very sudden. Here, read this."

She thrust the letter at me, pointing out the line. "My dear, Jeremy isn't your brother at all. I went to see Lady Brockhurst when she was so sick last month. She asked me how you were, and said it was a pity you both had drifted apart because it had seemed the real thing between you, and Jeremy hadn't been the

Continued on page 55

AT THE MERCY OF MANGU

More than love, food, and fresh air, the one most important factor for connubial bliss is a good and steady domestic servant, says

JAYANTI GADHAD

In my opinion a woman is not liberated even if she can say 'piff' to her husband and get away with it. I would consider myself truly liberated only on the day I can do without Mangu. Or Kanku, or Amthi, or Gowri, or Ganga, or the half-a-dozen Shankars who have been in and out of my life.

It all began fourteen years ago when I got married and set up home. Almost the first thing I realised was, more than love and food and fresh air, the one most important factor for connubial bliss was a good and steady domestic servant. This great truth holds good even today, for if Mangu decides to take an unscheduled holiday, tension mounts in our household, with my husband relapsing into a stony silence behind the newspaper while I complain and clatter through Mangu's chores.

I am not exaggerating when I say that our marriage has limped from one domestic crisis to another brought on by the servants who have worked for us. There was that harridan, Ganga, who shut herself up in her room every time her husband, Raju abused her and her mother, and refused to come to work. Indignant at having to pay the penalty for their marital misunderstandings, I would expatiate on the theme of male cruelty and domination prevailing in the land of Manu.

Then there was Shankar III who demanded more money from us than he did from our neighbour, even though our houses were similar, on the ground that there was more floor space to sweep and swab at our house because we had fewer boxes and trunks. He repeated his complaint so often that my husband was finally driven to yell at him, "Get out! I will not buy boxes and trunks just to keep you." When I tried to explain that Shankar III was asking for more pay and not that we should go in for boxes and trunks, he cut me short by saying, "You can leave, too." That warranted a freezing cold war of not less than a fortnight.

Mangu, the maid of the moment, is as flighty as they come. I got her to work for me six months ago when Kanku walked out of our house. I must tell you about Kanku before I continue with Mangu. She was a gnarled and stunted woman of the wandering Rabari tribe, whose age was anybody's guess. She had all the symptoms of hypertension, but refused to see a doctor. The result was that she nearly brought on hypertension in me by her frequent unannounced holidays due to "giddiness." However, if I took the car to her "jhopadi" she condescended to come with me and work. My husband constantly warned me that I was spoiling her, but I insisted that her work was clean and her heart was warm.

Till one fine morning, quite unprovoked, she decided to sit outside our house and declare loudly that she would work for me only if I raised her pay by Rs. 10 and gave her six rotis, plus vegetables, plus rice, plus dal. I cowered behind the curtains hoping it was just a temporary spurt in her blood pressure, while my husband fumed, "Now will you sack that old hag?" The long and the short of it was Kanku refused to work under the old terms and conditions, and my husband refused to be "pressurised every now and then," and I was left dusty and dirty with no servant.

For three weary days I washed and swept and swabbed and in between rang up friends and acquaintances on some pretext or other and asked them, "just by the way," if they knew of any servant who would come and work for me. I hailed every passing male and female who remotely resembled a domestic help to the accompaniment of my husband's sniggers. On the fourth day, Mangu rang our door bell and asked if I needed a servant. I nearly hugged her and almost told her that she was the answer to my prayers.

Mangu is a bespectacled old Rabarin who has three grandchildren and they are always in tow. I decided to be firm and told her to make them sit outside on the lawn. She didn't seem to mind, but the youngest grandchild did. Clad in clothes two sizes too big for him, he stood in front of our house and in his clear, child's treble began a wail — aa-aa-aaa— which he kept up monotonously till his grandmother finished her work. While irritated neighbours poked their heads out and said, "sh-sh," or "Why are you weeping?" I tried to appease him and my conscience with handfuls of biscuits. But all to no avail. The tearless wailing continued and does so every day to announce to the neighbourhood the arrival of our maid-servant.

Mangu's regularity depends on the health of this grandchild which is not very sound, and on the condition of her spectacles. In the past six months she has stayed away from work six times because one of her grandchildren broke her glasses and she could not work till she got herself a new pair. On one such occasion she sent word that unless I sent her an advance of Rs. 50 she could not have her spectacles repaired. I got her message and emptied out my son's piggy bank and sent her the advance.

A fresh problem has arisen this week. The children found a cute little black and white kitten and named it Paws. The moment Mangu set eyes on the furry thing she made it clear that she was averse to cats. Paws has however taken a fancy for Mangu and shows it by frisking all around her. This afternoon when she left, Mangu informed me that it was either she or the kitten. The children said, "Out with Mangu; we want Paws." But I am banking on my husband's support. In the interests of domestic peace and harmony he will no doubt prefer Mangu to poor Paws.

After all, we can manage without Paws, but we are at the mercy of Mangu.

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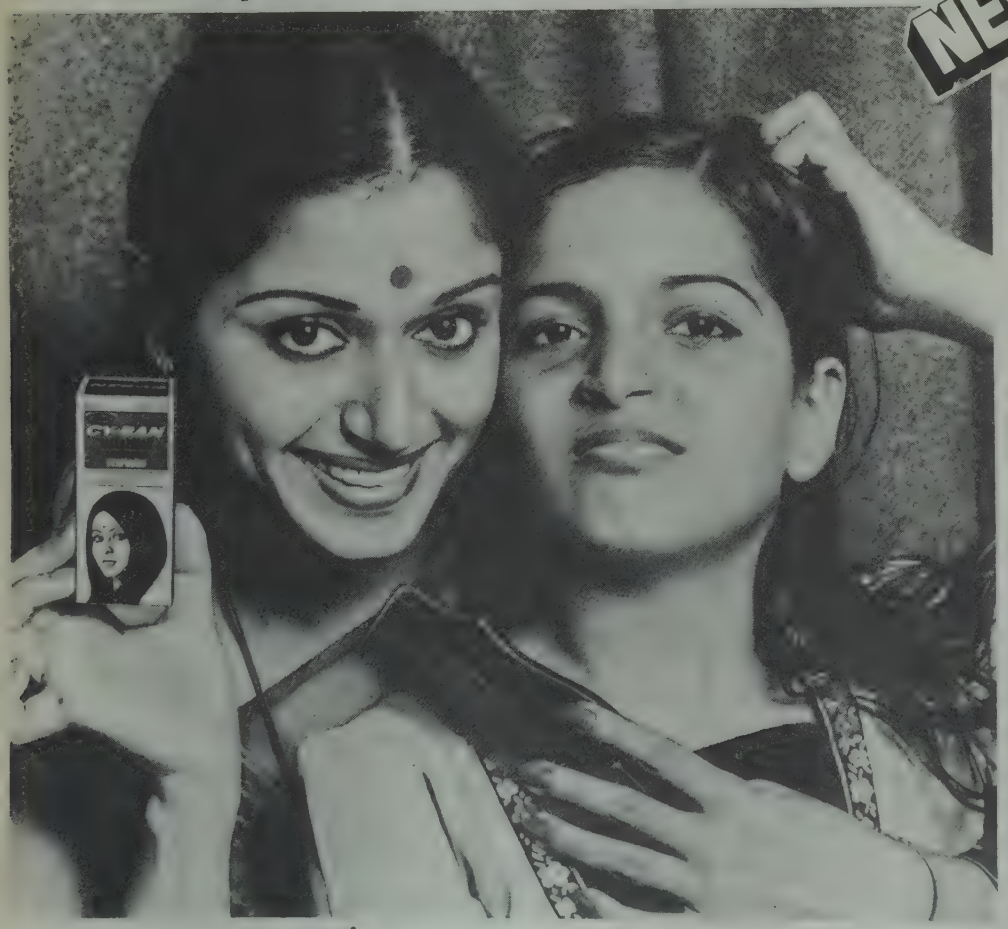

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PRICE TO BE MET

Continued from page 35

it She hadn't seen that stern authoritarian look on him since her last gigantic misdemeanour as a child. "Has something happened?" Fear gripped her.

"You could say that," he replied as they both sat down. "I had a row with Lionel Downs about an hour ago. One thing led to another and then he started getting personal, so personal, I went for him ... So Aldona, I want to know where you went that Saturday you were supposed to be going to Hilary's. According to Lionel Downs, you flew with him to Malta."

She didn't speak.

"Is it true?" he asked sternly. "That you spent one night with him and then when Sebastian Thackeray turned up you made a play for him and spent the next night with him?"

"Yes," she whispered.

"Oh, where did I go wrong in bringing you up?" he lamented, "You were such a sweet innocent child."

"Listen to me, Dad," she pleaded. "I know I've been made to look blacker than black and I can't deny the things I'm being branded with ..."

She stopped, wondering what he would say if he knew she had spent yet another night with Sebastian Thackeray this time in his cottage in Breconshire. "Dad, you must believe me. I didn't do these things of my own volition, I was forced into them by circumstances."

He looked at her, all attention.

"I went with Lionel Downs because he said he would see to the two thousand pounds shortage in the company books, if I obliged."

"But why should that matter to you?" asked Roland in surprise. "You'd already broken off your engagement to Guy at that time."

Guy, she thought growing confused. What had Guy got to do with anything? "Dad ..." she began slowly." I think we're talking at cross purposes. I went away with Lionel Downs because he said he'd give you a cheque for the two thousand pounds ... you'd, er, borrowed."

"Borrowed!" Roland Mayhew exclaimed. "Good God, child! I didn't take any money. It was Guy who embezzled it."

"Guy?" she cried amazed.

"Yes, your ex-fiance. And I was going to save your pride and feelings by paying in the money quietly. In fact, I asked Lionel to square up the amount and not say anything about it. I was upstairs getting the money for him when you arrived in my house that day..."

"That's not what he told me," said Aldona, shocked at the extent of Lionel Downs' treachery. "In fact, he made me believe... and then I had seen Barbara's fur coat, I thought you'd borrowed the two thousand to buy her one.. I.."

"Fur coat?" he repeated. "Oh, but I didn't buy it for her. It was a legacy from her cousin who died."

"Oh Dad I've been such an idiot," she said, explaining everything to him.

"We've both acted unwisely," he said. "But you must pay back the three thousand pounds to Sebastian Thackeray. It is the only honest thing to do."

"But where .."she began.

"I'll draw on my insurance policy," he said "In fact, I did that

to pay in the money Guy stole ..."

"I didn't know you had any insurance," she said surprised.

"I don't have to tell you everything," he replied with a smile.

"After all you did keep some secrets from me, too!"

She blushed.

The very next day, she made her way to Sebastian Thackeray's office for her important mission. She was armed with the money her father had given her. He had wanted to pay it in himself, but she had begged to be allowed to do it herself as she was the one involved. She barged her way past a startled receptionist who told her the boss was busy.

"Oh, Mr. Thackeray," said his pert secretary upstairs. "Reception has just rung up to say there's a young lady on the way ..." Her voice trailed off as she saw Aldona standing there. "She's here," she announced in a voice that would freeze boiling water. Zeb was furious. "Would you kindly tell Reception that when I say, I don't want to see anyone, I mean exactly that?"

"You're obviously very busy," said Aldona, marvelling that she could sound so cool. "I won't take up much of your time. I just wanted to give you this."

Aldona didn't wait to hear the door close, but was off down the corridor to the lift, hoping she could hold back the tears till she got downstairs. She heard footsteps behind her and turned to see Zeb racing after her. He got into the lift with her and viciously stabbed the button for the downward descent. Downstairs, he marched her past the startled staff to his car. He propelled her in, got into the driving seat himself and zoomed away, weaving his way resolutely to his city flat.

"Wh...where are you taking me?" she ventured, having been kept quiet by the shock and speed of everything.

"Shut up!" he snapped. "I'm concentrating on my driving."

Only when the door was closed and Aldona was standing in the centre of his living room did Zeb speak.

"Now," he said, volcanic aggression in every line of him. "What the hell have you been up to?"

"Up to?" she asked.

"Don't play dumb with me. I'm in no mood for it," he rapped out furiously.

"I don't understand..."

"Who gave you the money? I know it wasn't Downs, so who was it?"

"How do you know it wasn't he?" she asked.

"Because, for the last couple of weeks he's had a detective on his tail, that's why," he answered agressively. "And the lady he's been visiting hasn't been you."

"You put a detective on him?" she asked.

"Not me, my mother," he said. "She's woken up to his true nature at last. A certain Rosie Blake has been named in an undefended petition."

"Rosie Blake?" Aldona exclaimed, remembering the woman in Malta. Downs had evidently taken over from Eddie.

"What's more important is that Downs is out," said Zeb. "I had the greatest pleasure in terminating his employment this morning." Then the aggression came back in full flood directed at her, "Damn you, Aldona," he said savagely "Where did you get the money? Who was he?"

"M...my father," she said.

"Your father?" he asked in surprise. "Are you telling the truth?"

She explained then about the previous day. She told him everything that had happened from the very beginning, Downs' offer and her own helplessness.

"I had to tell father everything," she said.

"Everything?" he asked. There was scepticism in his voice, but the harshness had gone, and she was emboldened to confess.

"Well, everything except you and me at the cottage."

She saw his mouth tighten. "That was where you discovered you loathed the sight of me, wasn't it?" he asked.

"No," she said. "it wasn't because I loathed the sight of you that I drew away like that..."

"It wasn't? Then why did you repeatedly scream: Not with you, Not with you?"

"Because..." she said softly, then looked away embarrassed. "It was because the money you had paid made me feel cheap and coarse...almost bought... like...I didn't want that kind of a relationship with you ... I couldn't bear it."

"Because you love me?" he asked gently.

"Yes," she said.

"Let's try a little experiment," he said, "to convince me." Before she could reply, he drew her towards him. His mouth came down on hers and he was kissing her. Then when she didn't protest, he released her momentarily to ask. "You are going to marry me, aren't you?"

"Oh, yes Zeb," she answered, wondering if her heart would ever beat normally again. "I love you Zeb," she mumbled softly, just before his lips met hers once more.

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VIJAYETA: "NOT GUILTY" IN BUNTY-RIMA SPLIT

A. T. Jayanthi

PRETTY AND PETITE VIJAYETA DENIES EMPHATICALLY THAT SHE WAS THE CAUSE OF THE BUNTY-RIMA SPLIT, BUT SHE HAS HITCHED HER WAGON TO THE BUNTY STAR AND IS GOING PLACES

We'd arranged for a photography session with Bunty and Vijayeta on the lawns of Rajendra Kumar's residence. Vijayeta has already acquired a few starry nakhras, and didn't make her appearance at the appointed time. Bunty asked his secretary to ring her up and find out what was delaying her and in the meanwhile kept us entertained. An hour or so later a pint-sized little girl with enormous, beautiful eyes, dressed in a frock with frills, barged into the room. Bunty gave a groan and after quickly introducing her, asked her to change into some denims in the hope that she would look more mature. The corners of Vijayeta's mouth drooped a little, but she accepted the suggestion.

As Vijayeta came closer, I was a bit aghast to see the young girl's face caked with pink make-up, heavy eyeliner to emphasise her lovely large eyes, and a thick coat of red lipstick on her baby pink cupid bow lips. Obviously sister Sulakshana had been quite generous and enthusiastic about teaching her kid sister the art of make-up.

PUBLIC IMAGE

Vijayeta began the conversation with, "I hope you're not going to write bad about me," (wrong grammar intended) and towards the end held on to my hand and pleaded with me not to give her a "negative write-up."

Vijayeta is a sweet little diplomat about whom you'd find it difficult to write a sensational or controversial article. When she was cited as the cause for the estrangement between Bunty and Rima, while the break-up itself caused an industrywide sensation, Vijayeta being involved in this romantic triangle was only vaguely hinted at.

Vijayeta maintained, "I had nothing to do with the break-up. Ask Bunty. The engagement broke because of some family problem. I was so hurt when everyone thought it was I who was the cause. I wept bitterly. I love Rajendra Kumar and respect him. I would never, ever be the cause for making him unhappy."

Despite her vehement and tragic denial, one could see that the little girl was quite tickled to think she was cast in the role of the "femme fatale."

SWEET DIPLOMAT

We adjourned for the photography session and all through Vijayeta kept gazing soulfully into Bunty's eyes and flickering her long eye-lashes at him. I found it very amusing, but Bunty was quite impervious to this palpitating hero-worship. Every time he encountered her gazing deeply into his eyes, he'd gently ask her to look at the lens of the camera.

After the camera clicking was over, Vijayeta skipped back towards me and talked endlessly about her friendship with Dimple, Bunty's sister. "Now that I've become someone (she meant a celebrity) Rajendra uncle has told me that I've to live up to my public image and not be easily accessible. Anyway, even when I go shopping people recognize me and I feel very funny, so I rush back home. I've given up all my school friends too, as I can't go anywhere with them. Hence, now I come here to play with Dimple. She's my best friend. I love her very much."

SUPERB ACTRESS

Vijayeta has two films on hand — "Love Story" and "Rahi" — both with Bunty. "I am going to choose my films with discretion. I want to do good roles, and I'd also like to do films with other heroes."

Vijayeta, it's whispered, is a superb actress, especially in tragic roles. Rajendra Kumar has gone on record as saying, "She's going to be our next Meena Kumari."

With keen competition from her rival Padmini, who has already soared sky high with her acting talent and R.K. backing, it's yet to be seen what Vijayeta manages to achieve. Here's wishing her all the best.

Photograph: Heresh Dattary

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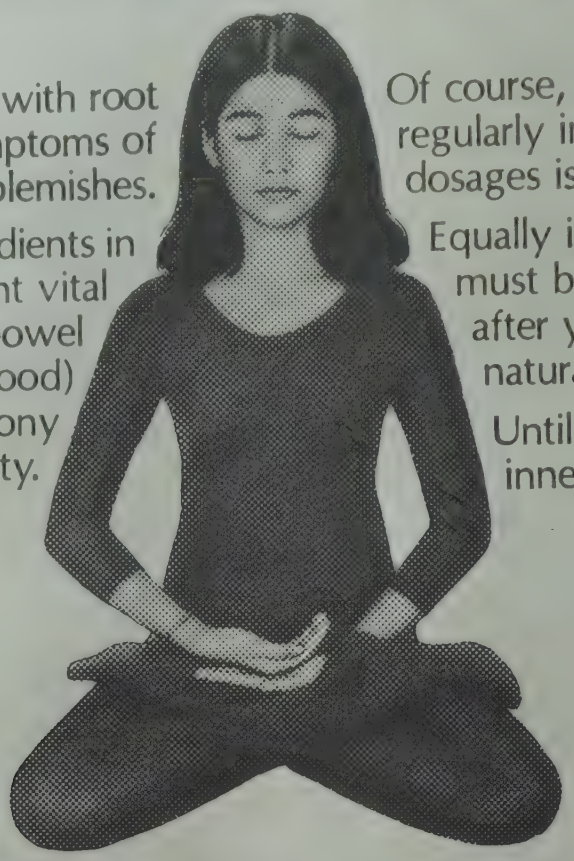

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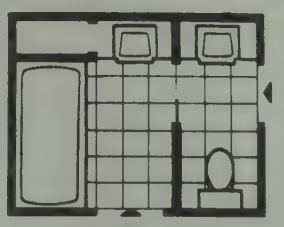

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Underrated, if noticed at all, women's contributions to society have nevertheless been considerable. Spotlight on women achievers.

VANI VENKATARAM

WORKING WITH TRIBALS

"I find working amongst tribals an enriching and satisfying experience," said Mrs. Vani Venkataram, who lives on a cinchona estate near Coimbatore. Vani has introduced welfare measures not only for estate workers, but also for the tribals living in the deep jungle, far from the estate.

The tribals — **Kadars, Muduvars** and **Malai saraas** did not have any medical or health facilities. They were unaware of modern life and civilization and spoke dialects that included a smattering of colloquial Malayalam, Tulu and Tamil. Mrs. Venkataram described how, after hearing about those small communities — they are very few in each group — she went in search of them. "It proved a near adventure for no car or jeep could pass through that jungle. . . It was a trek, I had to walk several miles with a guide, then slide down some dry hill slopes, climb wooden steps and rough territory, before I could locate even one group. They were very shy and extremely scared of new people."

She won their confidence only after successive visits. Vani had to make further inroads "into their trust" before they would accept her and her band of social workers. "Once the link was established, the tribals were very free, trusting and ready to accept the projects and proposals we put forth to them," said Vani, who has successfully started courses in non-formal education for them and has also got them included in the basic health-care schemes, run by the government as well as by non-governmental agencies, like the Red Cross Society.

"These areas are known as the tribal pockets of the Annamalai Hills and it is difficult to have continuous welfare projects here. Basically the tribals like to be on the move. Through repeated visits, we are slowly persuading them to stay put in particular areas, and take up cultivation of crops and agriculture on small patches of land. Some of them have shown interest in cultivating cardamom. We are now approaching the banks for loans to enable them to start poultry, dairying etc.," said Vani, who is particular to add that "the work is being done not only by me but by a whole Committee. I might have taken the lead in starting these projects or taken the initiative in reaching the tribals but that does not mean I can do these things all by myself, without the help of a dedicated, co-operative, hard-working group of people," she said.

Vani is the President and Secretary of the Annamalai Branch of the Women's Voluntary Service, Tamil Nadu, the Secretary of the Annamalai Red Cross Society and also a member of the Township committee, with the help of which she tries to utilize all available schemes and projects, to bring succour to the needy. "You will be surprised to know how much we have to struggle to get the grants and all the promised help listed on paper," said Vani, who described her struggle to clear some 50 bales of old clothing, at the Madras harbour — clothes donated by the Help of the Aged Society of London.

She went in search of the small tribal communities isolated in the Annamalai Hills, and was instrumental in getting them included in basic health and education programmes

"There is so much red tape involved, and so much time and money has to be spent unnecessarily on a gift item given for our Home for the Aged and the orphanages. At times things just have to be left to rot, because officialdom won't budge," said Vani. "Surely there should be a way by which government can recognise genuine social workers and help them to help others. Can't the daily press and the magazines help in this regard?" pleads Vani, who personally sees to it that each item is collected, checked and used on the estate and in the tribal areas. She has been actively involved in supplying poor children with free books and notebooks, besides blankets and clothes.

"There are also many things that we are able to do because of our personal interest in the destitutes. We are able to help some old people to get government pensions, and also attend to cases needing medical attention. Statistically such cases may not sound imposing, but they are so necessary for the affected individuals, and their gratitude is reward enough," said Vani, who believes that "one is able to do more service in an area if the number of people are limited — one gives intensive care and concentrated attention. . . But this needs more service-minded people in fields where there is a crying need for them in this vast country of ours."

The women, headed by Vani Venkataram, have already completed the construction of a small temple, since there was no place of worship in that area. Classes for children for teaching the recitation of "slokas" and telling stories from the epics have proved popular. A project in the offing is a mini hospital.

Mrs. Vani Venkataram is a gifted singer trained in Karnatic music. She gives concerts for charitable or religious causes. A mother of two brilliant boys, who are pursuing higher studies, she is married to Mr. Venkataram, who works as Director of Tea Research for UPASI.

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HI YA HONEY!

By the wife of an Alves called Johnnie

A WIFE AND MOTHER, AND A MARTYR, TOO

My parents brought up five children. And everybody including my parents had a jolly good time and smiled all the way through. Why do I then shed tears and keep wondering where I went wrong? I find myself screaming at my children during the day and spending most of the night in a cold sweat wondering if I am ruining them in their formative years.

I had made up my mind that I would be a good mother, and goodness knows I try, but there is always something wrong. Other parents tell me how good their children are but mine are angels only when they are asleep. I have read many books on how to bring up children. My parents didn't read any at all — with them it just came naturally, so naturally, obedience, respect, and love. I too shower love on them, but then my husband tells me that I am spoiling them. When I yell at them asking them to behave themselves, psychiatrists say that they will later suffer from a fear neurosis and blame me for it. What do I do? I want to build their character but keeping my sanity is equally important.

Children have stages in their lives which modern parents must be ready to cope with. But I feel that there is a limit to the 'why' stage, especially when children spend most of their time watching T.V. and I spend mine either washing up or ironing or just wondering. How can I, for instance, explain to them why Doordarshan shows films in every other language but English or why has man to go to the moon? There is no end to the 'whys', if you can come up with the first answer.

I have other problems as well. Bigger children in my house want a mother too. My husband, for instance. It's one big rush in the morning. Breakfast for them and him, checking to see if they have eaten while I iron three ties that will lose their shape in an equal number of minutes. Find their shoes, his socks, their uniforms, his handkerchiefs, and before long I hear them shout, "Mummy, you are late every morning." I spend 24 hours a day at home and my husband is often heard to say "I never see you these days."

At breakfast I am a mother, cook, waiter and security officer all in one. I watch the boys' breakfast plate full of the best I can produce with prices what they are today. But all I see is disgusted looks on their faces and a hungry one on the dog's. The moment my back is turned, their plates are empty and the dog's mouth is full.

The Prime Minister has sent a letter to the nation asking everybody to practice austerity. This letter should be directed chiefly to husbands. Mothers like me spend their life time eating children's left-overs, opening the hems of their last Christmas dress for the coming Easter, and spending hours bargaining with vendors who sell vegetables at only Rs. 1.20 per 100 grams.

Why can't my husband lend a helping hand in the home that he has built and the one he expects to be kept spic and span? My man will not even tell me that he needs help. He will knot his tie extra tight to conceal the fact that the top button is missing but will never take the needle and thread and stitch one on. Funny, isn't it? Men can walk miles at parties fetching four drinks at a time for other females. They can carry hernia-causing weights of other wives' bags, but find it difficult to pour themselves a drink at home. "Babs, I'll have a whisky soda, and go easy on the soda." With not even a thank you or a have one yourself please.

My husband has been pretty successful in life, yes, but behind all this is the hard work, determination, sleepless nights, good guidance, encouragement, push, prayer and sacrifice of a little known and unheard of person who is commonly known as, and is, Mum.

THE STATELY HOME

Continued from page 45

same since. So I told her. She was very sad. 'Trust Alice to do that to the young people,' she said. 'She was always mean. No wonder Charles got fed up.' And I'm sorry to say her ladyship deserves it. For the whole world knows that Lady B was as kind and generous as Lady S was the opposite. All of us servants only stayed because of his lordship. Jeremy resembled him because his father and yours were cousins and resembled each other very closely, as you know."

So there it was in a nutshell, the whole story. It's the same all over the world I thought. The ambitious mother, the unwilling bride — whether it's Benaras in India or Tunbridge Wells in England. But perhaps now there would be a happy ending.

"Well that takes care of that," said the bride, as if in answer to my hope, removing her ring and bridal veil in one swift movement before my astonished gaze. "Mother can explain it to the guests as best she can."

Then she turned to me, her eyes once more alight. "And now I'm going to see Jeremy. He was to have left yesterday on a mountaineering expedition, but it got delayed. It's a peak which has killed all the climbers all those years. What a reprieve!" She sniffed. "Brother indeed! I feel anything but sisterly. Good-bye and thank you."

She snatched up her bag, and, still in her wedding dress, was through the door — a bizarre sight — running away from the church and the guests as though her life depended on it. Who says that the little fellow has stopped shooting his arrows permissive society notwithstanding? I looked at the veil, the bouquet, the ring, and taking stock of the situation, looked around desperately for somewhere to hide. How on earth was I going to give an explanation to that crowd of complete strangers come here to attend a wedding? Then inspiration dawned. Seizing the bouquet and brandishing it aloft, I followed her pellmell down the church steps and into the street, signalling frantically to my cousin to follow me. "Hey, stop, stop, you left this behind," I yelled, the porn peddler's stupified gaze following me as I vanished from view.

A few days after I returned to India, a letter arrived for me from England. It was from Lady Jane. She had written to say that she was back from her honeymoon and that I was most welcome to visit her home. She said it was quite stately!

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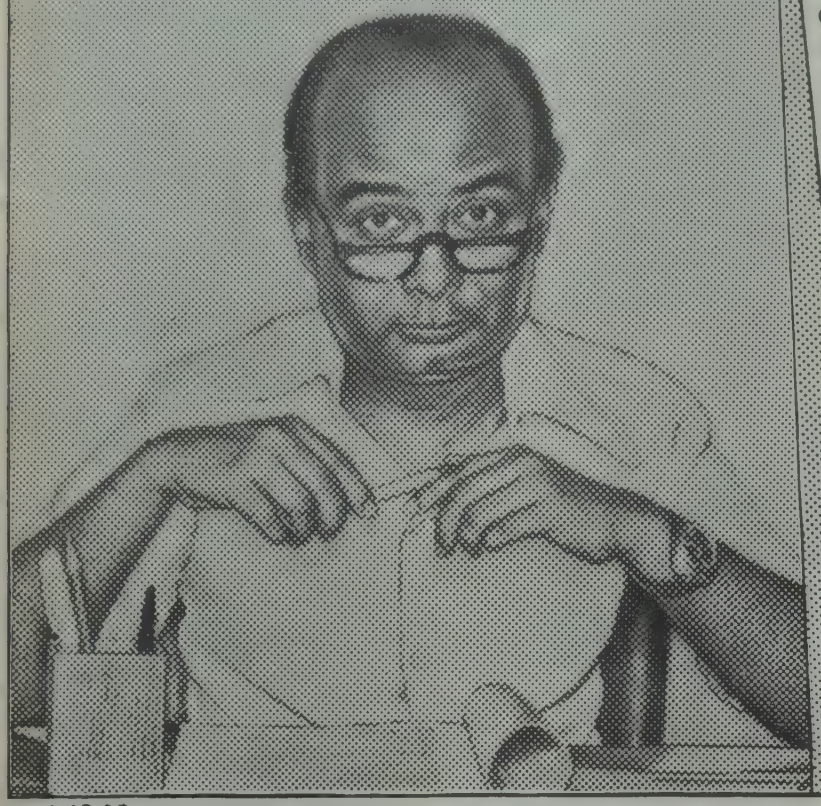

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LIFE'S A FUNNY THING

A spoonful of humour
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the medicine go down

I was sweating, I was hot, I was in a foul mood. I'd just got off a suburban train at peak hours, two stops after mine. Such were my feelings, I decided to give up one bottle of beer and take a cab home. The driver was a cheerful soul. He swore proficiently at every pedestrian and nearly ran me up a telephone pole.

I get home and what do I find? A couple of strangers in the sofas and Susie trying to make like Emily Post. Turns out they're a new lot just moved into a building a couple of blocks away because the original occupant eloped with his boss's daughter or some such thing.

* * *

Now I'm fine with strangers if they're reasonably articulate. My visitors were monosyllabic talkers and conversing with them was going uphill with lead in my shoes. I pounded on my brain and decided to make them "open up." I asked about their lives previous to moving here. Seemed like an innocent enough procedure but you can never tell what the next moment will bring forth.

It appears they had a flat that leaked as if it were a fishnet. Added to that, they had neighbours who were practising to be playback singers. They sang till three in the morning. And to put the lid on it, the landlord was a refined gentleman with the vocabulary of a Bandra fisherman on the warpath. So they took everything into consideration, decided to pay two hundred more,and move where they could call their souls their own. Their names were Rahul and Shoba Das. Very nice couple whose children were still gleams in their eyes.

* * *

Since Susie's mother had stocked up our house with food yesterday, we invited them to stay over for dinner. They accepted as if we were offering them pearls on purple cushions. The dinner was excellent like every meal Susie cooks but, for some reason or other, my son, Sunder seemed to be a little terrified of Rahul Das. He kept looking at him like a frog looks at a cobra. I couldn't understand it. Susie was okay. She even made conversation with the couple who seemed to take an instant shine to her. The meal went along on oiled wheels.

* * *

Remembering my crowded existence a couple of hours ago in the train, I decided the gods were being kind. I brought out a little brandy, which an Aunt had given me, after dinner. A superb meal-ender. But it had unpredictable results. Mrs. Shoba Das got a violent fit of hiccups. Well, now! I pride myself on knowing about seven hundred and forty-two cures for this ailment. I suggested, sympathetically, to Mrs. Das that she should clamp finger and thumb on her nose, hold her breath, while getting her head down near her knees. She valiantly tried to follow my instructions. The hiccups remained. Next, I told her to drink limbu-pani from the far end of the glass as slowly as if it were ambrosia from heaven. She did that too. The hiccups wouldn't go away.

* * *

It seemed to agitate Rahul beyond reason. He wrung his hands and kept saying, "All right, my dear, just don't think about it, and it'll go away." Ever tried forgetting you have hiccups when you have them? It's like forgetting you have eyes. The poor lady suffered. Suddenly, I had a flash of inspiration. I'd read it in a book somewhere — you know, grandma's remedies and so on.

I stole away into the bedroom away from view. I took in a deep breath and let out a yell that would have curdled the blood of fifteen Draculas. A stunned silence came from the next room. Susie rushed in to see if I were dying. I winked at her and said, "Shock therapy." She understood.

Right enough, when we returned to the drawing room, we found them with wide-open eyes, but Shobha's hiccups had vanished. My talents, dear ladies, go unrecognised.

See you!

— **SUNNY**

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WHEN A CHILD NEEDS HELP

Continued from page 21

progress is bound to be slow, it is futile to expect overnight miracles."

As Axline observes with the insight of a psychologist: "Sometimes it is very difficult to keep firmly in mind the fact that the parents too have reasons for what they do — have reasons locked in the depths of their personalities, for their inability to love, to understand, to give of themselves to their children."

From an annual report provided by one of the clinics I found that in a year the clinic had taken up a total of 341 cases of which 224 were boys and 117 girls. I asked a social worker to explain this curious phenomenon. Surely the number of boys having problems could not be twice the number of girls!

"The peculiarity of the numbers struck me too," she answered, "but the puzzle was solved while I was once counselling three mothers with 'problem' sons individually, but on the same day and all three exclaimed, 'But I do not have this kind of a problem with my daughter, she is so disciplined and considerate.' This set me ruminating and I realised that even in cities we remain basically a traditional people and the male continues to be accepted as the dominating member of the houeshold and the female as eternally submissive and docile. So the daughter of the house subconsciously identifies and models herself on the mother, while the son is encouraged to be brash and domineering. When this is overdone the parents find themselves burdened with a 'difficult' child on hand."

Apart from therapeutic treatment and parental counselling the CGCs also conduct IQ tests. Often schools refer batches of students to these clinics for intelligence determination — the charges are very nominal.

There is no doubt that the services provided by the Child Guidance Clinics are of vital importance to any progressive society. In Greater Bombay today there are 19 such clinics, but there is a demand for many, many more. In fact, social workers complain that many parents who are otherwise motivated to bring their children for guidance, are unable to do so on account of the difficulties of commuting long distance. CGCs should be located within easy access to people, and what is more, parents should be made aware of their services.

That each case is treated in absolute confidence is borne out by the fact that not only did the social workers refuse to divulge the names of their patients but I was also requested to withhold the names of the clinics I visited and the personnel I interviewed.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

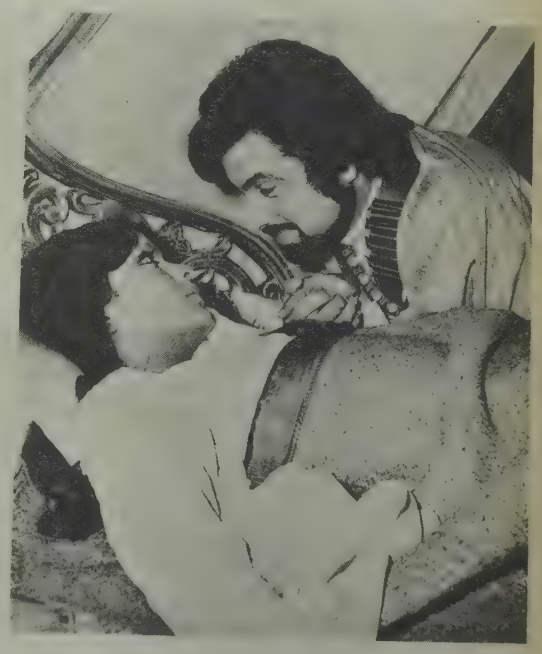
Devi

DISCO, A MUST FOR FILMS NOW

Dabboo Kapoor, in keeping with other heroes, also got a second baby girl. The Kapoor empire has not managed a fourth generation of males, but maybe we will have a crop of leading ladies from the Kapoor camp. This generation will not opt for star husbands (like Rima) and by then the family cook will be too old to make the girls fat and podgy.

* * *

The Abdulla Khan (Sanjay) walked in at the Blaze mini theatre for the press show of "Abdullah" in a crumpled khadi-kurta, crow-black beard· his imported guard Bob supplied him tobacco-paan every five minutes.



"I already want to see the film again, it is sheer beauty," I told Sanjay during the interval.

"Wait till you see the other half." said Sanjay.

The other half has less of Zeenat and Sanjay, more of Raj Kapoor, the boy Krishna, Danny and camels. The thing is, at least the Khans, especially Sanjay, make an effort to present big canvas and aim at classics.

Sanjay manages passion, whether in his direction, presentation or off-screen life style. His off-screen screenplay began well with the love of a decade culminating in marriage, three babies, then an affair with a star till he spoilt it all by a quick marriage and a quicker divorce. I wish he had applied the same briskness with which he ended his second marriage to the second half of the film. The premiere card was identical with the "Qurbani" card, complete with the Chief Ministers of Maharashtra and Karnataka, Abdul Rehman Antulay and Gundu Rao, as chief guests.

Zeenat, I found out, is in Bangalore shooting for "Janwar", so I doubt if she will fly in for the premiere.

* * *

The "Rocky" poster across the Bombay skies has been changed after protests from the anti-vulgarity folks. Actually, the poster was not vulgar but clumsy. With Sanju and Tina Munim stretched horizontally in bikinis, looking nowhere in particular, it looked more like a Gold Spot "Khoob piyo, must jiyo" ad. Now we have Sanju looking like Nargis in "Chori Chori" in the centre surrounded by motorbikes. This time Tina Munim looks like Komila Wirk.

* * *

"Qurbani" has put other producers in a fix. Apart from being one of the biggest box-office events, it has brought the "Disco" craze. More than fight scenes and rape scenes producers are insisting on disco music. Music-directors, including Lakshmi-Pyare, have ordered the latest imported disco cassettes. Even they grumble quite openly, rather Lakshmi's wife Jaya, asked a producer, "What is there in 'Qurbani' music?" The music, apart from giving crores to its maker, has made it to the Air India hoarding — the song "Baat ban jaaye."

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

Meena Mehta, Rajul Ghia, and Meenal Thakore of "Little Guys And Dolls", will be holding an exhibition-cum-sale of children's clothes at Aakar Art Gallery on October 16 and 17. On display will be a variety of casual and party wear for children between the ages of 1 and 10.

* * *

The Fellowship of the Physically handicaped (FPH) are undertaking various projects as part of their Silver Jubilee Celebrations which also coincides with the International Year of Disabled Persons (IYDP) 1981.

One of the projects relates to provision of limited transport facilities to the handicapped from suburbs on the Eastern and Western side to Flora Fountain and beyond. Apart from their own trainees, transport service will be available to other handicapped persons to enable them to go to their places of work/study at a reasonable fare.

In order to work out the details and to assess the need, it is necessary to find out the number of handicapped persons who are likely to use this service. The service, if started, will be available in Greater Bombay to the orthopaedically handicapped, the blind, mentally sub-normal, spastics and others who find it difficult to use city buses. They or their family members are requested to give the details such as name, place of residence and place of work/study of the handicapped and the extent of disability to Mr. A. J. Joglekar, Hon. Gen. Secretary, FPH, Lala Lajpatrai Marg, Bombay-400 034.

* * *

Mr. N. K. Barua from Assam held his photographic exhibition at the Jehangir Art Callery recently. Mr. M. V. Kamath, Editor, Illustrated Weekly of India, inaugurated the exhibition.

* * *

An exhibition of paintings was held by Vijay Saraf at the Jehangir Art Gallery Mr. Nusli Wadia inaugurated the function. Vijay Saraf is a lecturer at Fine Arts Institute, Jammu.

* * *

"Bonnie Boutique" will be celebrating their third anniversary this year with an exhibition at Aakar Art Gallery on October 13, 14 and 15, 1980. On display will be an exclusive range of children's clothes and baby wear.

* * *

The "Festival of Charities" is organised by IND-US International each year. It is an effort to exhibit and market handicrafts made by charitable organisations. This exhibition-cum-sale is being held on October 10 and 11 at C. J. Hall from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

The items for sale include garments, embroidered bedspreads, sarees, wall hangings, fibre bags, foods, pottery and other handicrafts

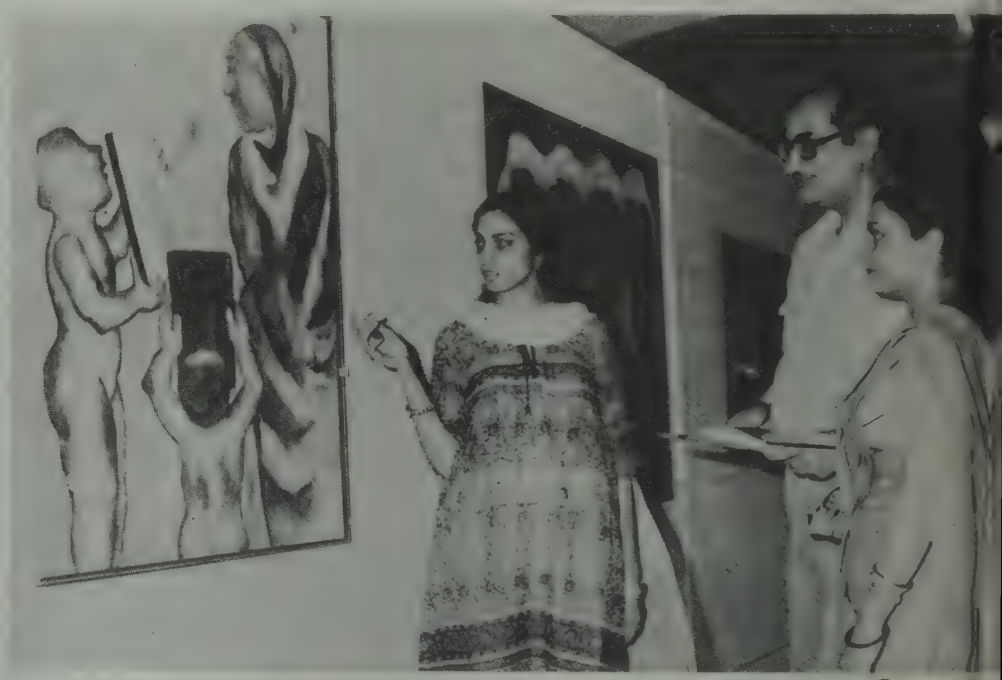
* * *

A Bharata Natyam recital by Meena Parekh was presented at Tejpal Auditorium by the Nalanda Dance Research Centre. A noteworthy feature of Meena's dancing was the underplaying of the various 'bhawas' and the establishment of the concept of 'bhakti', an art developed in the temples of South India.

* * *

"Mignonette" of Calcutta recently had their first ever exhibition-cum-sale at Eka Art Galleries. A wide range of exquisite baby garments were displayed. The dresses were exclusively designed and created by Manjushree Khaitan and Archana Vohra. The dresses were also displayed at the Gwalior Showroom at Opera House.

1



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3

1. Film star Deepti Naval inaugurated an exhibition of sarees and salwar-suits held by Mita Parekh (left) at Aakar Art Gallery in Bombay.

2. An exhibition of paintings was held by Arpana Caur (left) at Jehangir Art Gallery in Bombay. Also seen are Mr. Om Prakash Dhawan and Mrs. Sunita Ghatak.

3. Mr. Inderjit Singh, Chairman, Punjab and Sind Bank, presents a trophy to Rani Malhotra, Chairman of the Punjab Cultural Association, at a function held by the Association at AIFACS Hall in Delhi.

4. Mrs. Veena Matre demonstrates an Ikebana arrangement at a function organised by the Andheri Jaycees Ladies Wing in Bombay.

4

An exhibition of paintings by Arpana Caur was held at the Jehangir Art Gallery recently. A self-taught artist, Arpana's works have been exhibited in London and Delhi also

* * *

The Andheri Jaycees Ladies Wing organised a colourful demonstration of Ikebana and Bonsai during the Jaycee Week celebrations.

Mrs. Veena Matre, a well-known Ikebana artiste demonstrated Ikebana and Bonsai Plantation arrangements in the presence of about 45 ladies. Mrs. Kusum Gupta, Chairman of Andheri Jaycees Ladies Wing welcomed the guests.

This programme was organised by Mrs. Preeti Zaberin, Project Director, and Mrs. Vimala Somaiah conveyed the vote of thanks.

* * *

The traditional Onam celebrations of the Keraleeya Mahila Samaj, marked the 35th year of the organisation's feast of cultural items. The highlight of the evening's fare was a three-act play, "Bharyamarkoru Pattham" (A Lesson for Wives) written by Ezhikara Ambujakshan, and directed by K. S. Menon and enacted by members of the Samaj.

A record crowd of the Malayali population in Bombay applauded the artistes of the evening.

The President of the Samaj, Mrs. Leela R. Menon, welcomed the audience, and the Secretary, Mrs. Tara Ravindranath, proposed a vote of thanks.

DELHI

Mrs. Indira Gandhi released the commemorative volume on Iqbal, brought out by the Iqbal Centenary Celebrations Committee at the FICCI Hall. Speaking on the occasion, the Prime Minister said that Iqbal was the leading poet of his time in the world. He stood for the inherent freedom of man and wrote to arouse the masses against foreign domination. Mr. Nurul Hassan, President of the Committee, lauded the efforts of the General Secretary, Ali Sardar Jafri, in bringing out the volume.

* * *

"Dharti-Desh-Punjab-Di," a composite programme of traditional Punjabi music and dance was presented by the Punjabi cultural association at the AIFACS Hall. Compered and written by Parkash Saathi, the music was composed by Ghanshyam Dass. Leading artists of the capital participated in the programme. Mr. Inderjit Singh, Chairman of Punjab Sind Bank, who was the chief guest presented awards and trophies to the artists.

CALCUTTA

The Sea Gull Empire's latest production "Fantastik", owes its thundering success to Zarin Chaudhuri"s excellent direction. Katy Roy and Pinkie Zachariah won acclaim for stage management and choreography. The show was held at Kalamandir.

* * *

An exhibition of paintings was jointly organised by the Kiddies' Art Centre and Uttarsuri at the Birla Academy of Art and Culture. The age of the artists was limited to five — eleven years, but their imaginative perception of the world they live in was unlimited in variety and colour.

AHMEDABAD

The Lioness Club of Ahmedabad (Main) will hold an exhibition-cum-sale of exclusive sarees, panetars and bridal ghaghra cholis designed by Panna Dossa at Bhaikaka Hall, Near Law Garden, Ellis Bridge, on October 9, 10, 11, 1980 from 10.30 a.m. to 7.30 p.m.

5

6

5. At the opening of "Shahnaz Herbal" in Jullundur, are seen (from left) Anupam Parmar, Nita Bhandari and guests.

6. Mrs. L. C. Tong, Mrs. M. Lini, Mrs. R. D. Muldoon, and Princess Tu'Ipelahake, wives of four of the 13 Prime Ministers who were in the country recently to attend CHOGRM II, stayed at the Mughal Sheraton when they visited Agra. They are seen with Mr. C. S. Pantal, Vice. Pres. and G. M. (ext. left) Mr. N. S. Chawla, Res. Mgr. (centre), and Kerman Rustamji, Sales Mgr. (ext. right), and guests.

7. Members of the Ladies Club of Sindri are seen with Mrs. Perkins (centre, back row) wife of the U. S. Consul-General, at a function held in Calcutta.

7

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK OCT. 12 — 18, 1980

John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK

Pluto, one of the major planets, will be close to the position of the Sun held at the time of your birth indicating a complete change of direction, improved status and prosperity during the 1980s. So be prepared to take a chance, have faith in your talents. But you must work hard, cope with challenges, and you will sometimes be depressed. To counter this maintain hobbies and other spare-time interests. Jupiter will help your affairs and minimise the more dampening effect that Saturn, also strong in your chart, will bring. So, a year of much promise, a testing time, but efforts will bring rewards. If eligible to marry, some excellent opportunities will occur in a social setting.

ARIES
(Mar. 22 — April 20)

While others will be calling the tune your activities and aims will progress. If you are anxious to make changes, late 1980 or early 1981 would be a better time. But if you want to buy, do it now, rather than later

LIBRA
(Sept. 24 — Oct. 23)

Go after what you want with confidence; present yourself in the best possible light, react positively to opportunities and put in extra effort. It is a time of success and achievement. Favour all types of communication.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

Check everything as others as well as yourself will be in a careless mood. Some confusion in all areas of activity, some devious people to deal with. Loved ones might not be easy to understand either! So don't be over-sensitive.

SCORPIO
(Oct. 24 — Nov. 22)

An influential friend may help you or give some useful information. Seek the limelight, make sure people know you are around. You can make some new friendships which have much to offer. Stay organised, for life is busy.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

With Mars in adverse aspect to your sign, you will find life hard working for some weeks. So get some congenial social activity, some quiet moments to unwind so that you recharge your batteries.

SAGITTARIUS
(Nov. 23 — Dec. 22)

A period of inspiration if you are in a creative job; excellent progress in your affairs. Social life could be quite exciting, with plenty of fun and flirtation, the prospect of some pleasure travel in the near future.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

Domestic life will be harmonious, romance will blossom if single. If a parent, there is happiness from involvement in youngsters' activities and plans. Take all the companionship you can find and have fun.

CAPRICORN
(Dec. 23 — Jan. 20)

If you want to begin a new venture, make a change or two, wait for a few weeks. Vigorous stars will help you. It is also possible that you will revise ideas you hold at the moment, or form new plans.

LEO
(July 24 — Aug. 23)

A good week for exploring new possibilities. In business interviews, you will get a helpful response, also in making applications. A carefree trend in social life, some happy meetings.

AQUARIUS
(Jan. 21 — Feb. 19)

There is luck as well as fun in friendly meetings. Take new flirtations lightly, for many romantic opportunities will come your way. Holiday plans may form or a business invitation will have you on the move.

VIRGO
(Aug. 24 — Sept. 23)

Happy family gatherings, a house move on the way if this has not occurred recently. Your partner will be in agreement with your ideas for changes. A lively week with new friends adding sparkle to the scene.

PISCES
(Feb. 20 — Mar. 21)

Your financial problems of the past year are almost over, be patient for a few more weeks. Make life as relaxed as possible. There won't be much action, so consider plans for the future, revise an old ambition.

Not every question deserves an answer.

Publilius Syrus

Judge a man by his questions rather than by his answers.

Voltaire

Questions are never indiscreet. Answers sometimes are.

Oscar Wilde

No question is so difficult to answer as that to which the answer is obvious.

George Bernard Shaw

You know children are grown up when they start asking questions that have answers.

John J. Plomp

QUICK QUOTES ON QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

A man usually falls in love with the woman who asks the kind of questions he is able to answer.

Ronald Colman

It is better to ask some of the questions than to know all the answers.

James Thurber

It is a good answer which knows when to stop.

Italian Proverb

The supreme question before mankind — to which I shall not live to know the answer — is how men will be able to make themselves willing and able to save themselves.

Walter Lippman

He who asks a question is a fool for five minutes; he who does not ask a question remains a fool for ever.

Chinese Proverb

He admits there are two sides to every question — his own and the wrong side.

Channing Pollock

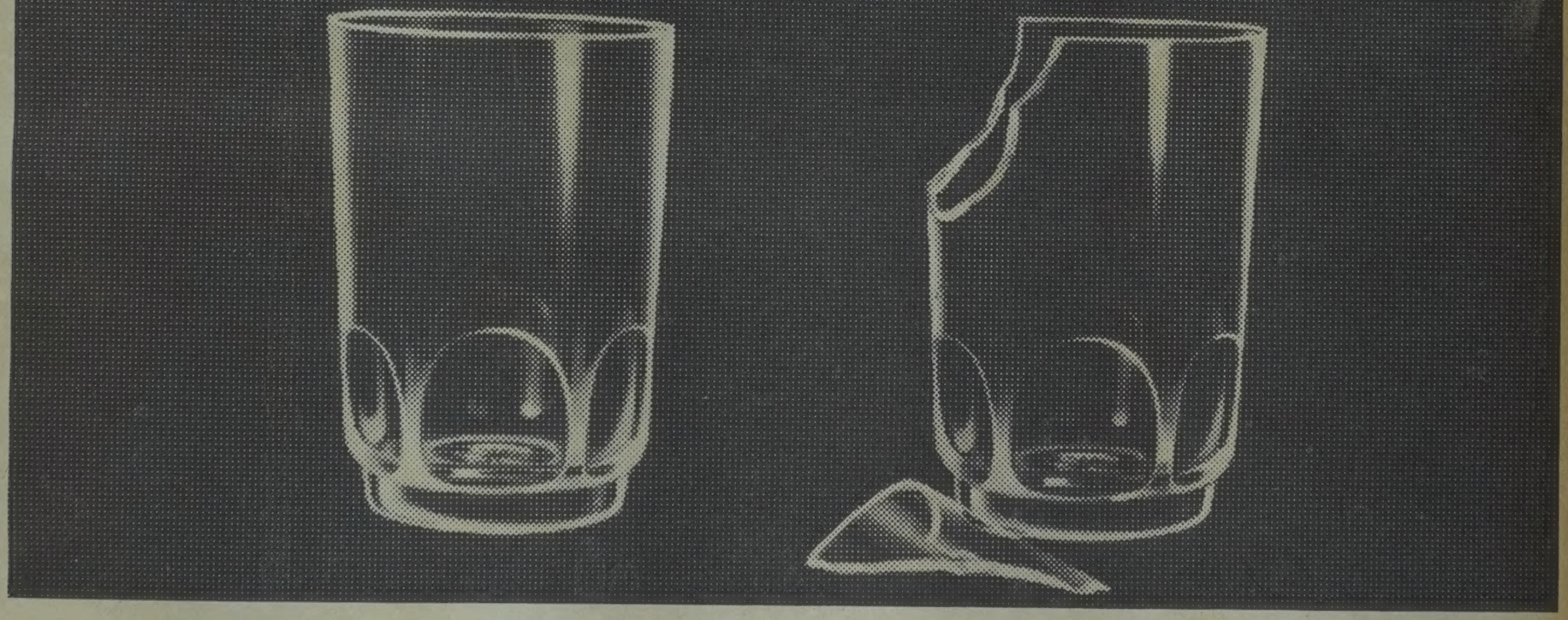
When you ask her a question, it's like taking your finger out of a dike.

Frank Case

David Gunston

You won't know the difference from 6 cms away.

But you will know the difference 6 months from now !



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